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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1905.

The Week.

For the first time since his rebuff by the Senate, the President is betrayed into a petulant tone. He tells Congressman Babcock that the Senate's refusal to act on the Dominican treaty has reduced him to "impotence," and exposed him to the insults of Castro and every other South American upstart. We do not think, however, that this will help Mr. Roosevelt with either the Senate or the country. An intensely practical statesman such as he is should have reckoned in advance upon the stupidities and jealousies of the Senate. He now bitterly resents the "drawing of party lines" in dealing with a treaty. It has been remarked that when a politician exclaims against party politics, it means that he wants all hands to turn in and pull him out of a hole. We do not remember any loud protest from Mr. Roosevelt when his own party drew "lines" against the Bayard-Chamberlain treaty, and killed it. And as for "impotence," the failure of the Dominican treaty leaves this Government with all the power it ever had. It can protect its citizens abroad in every lawful way, just as before. The President's Constitutional prerogatives remain in full vigor. He has simply been given to understand that a policy is not necessarily wise simply because it falls in with his whim, and that he is not infallible as a Monroe Doctor.

The cooling down of the Administration as regards Venezuela is gratifying, if somewhat amusing. On Saturday, we were grossly "insulted" by Castro; on Sunday, we were not so sure of it; and by Monday we were instructing Minister Bowen to take his time about it and let us know by the slowest mail whether we really had been insulted or not. To have the insults forwarded by cable would be, of course, a sheer waste of the public money. Going back to the cause of the alleged insult, we are now informed that the Administration quite gratuitously offered its nose to be tweaked by Castro. It is at present "the consensus of opinion" in the White House, so the *Tribune* gravely announces, that the United States cannot forcibly collect claims still pending in the Venezuelan courts. The President is also advised by Senator Spooner, and eke by Senator Lodge, that "the principles of international law require the recognition of Venezuela as an equal." Restraining our impulse to say that then international law is an ass, we merely congratulate the country on the growing frequency of Presidential second thoughts. Of how many of them the Senate became the only begetter in refusing to ratify the Dominican treaty, we are just beginning to see.

Kansas is proving hard to satisfy in the various Trust investigations now in progress. Commissioner Garfield's Beef Trust report aroused the State to the necessity of making sure in advance that the Standard Oil Company should not get off so easily. Hence came the resolutions and telegrams denouncing Mr. Garfield, and demanding that some more energetic "Trust buster" be put in charge of the coming investigations. Now comes the report of another wrangle in the Kansas oil fields. The County Attorney of Chautauqua County has discharged Frank J. Monett as counsel in the inquiry relative to the Santa Fé Railroad, and the oil-producers are swearing that this is a tame surrender to Standard Oil. The elimination of Mr. Monett, a man of reputation in hunts of this kind, is due to the charge that he came into the case without an invitation, having "newspaper connections," and with his mind already made up as to what he should find. It is puzzling that under those circumstances the Kansas authorities should have rejected him. If the conditions are as stated, his report ought to have had all the qualities that Garfield's lacked. In his capacity as a journalist, his first consideration must have been to write something interesting and striking. Kansas must learn that the qualities of "Frenzied Finance" and Poor's Manual are not to be combined in one investigator.

Of the five Democratic Governors who were elected last November in States which gave their electoral votes to Roosevelt and chose Republican Legislatures, Governor Folk of Missouri had the most comprehensive programme of reforms to carry through. Besides home rule for the large cities of the State, an anti-pass law, and the abolition of licensed race-track gambling, his important recommendations related to the "boodle" issue on which he made his campaign. He proposed to have all franchises disposed of by public auction, to make such privileges voidable when secured through corruption, to extend the statute of limitations in cases of bribery, and finally to compel the testimony of witnesses to bribery transactions, while giving them immunity from prosecution. This last was by far the most important. The House of Representatives, though it had a Republican majority of 22, followed the Democratic governor's lead and passed the bill unanimously. When it came up in the Democratic Senate, however, the Republicans divided evenly, while the Democratic members stood 10 to 9 against the bill, with 3 not voting, and defeated it. Throughout the session, in fact, the Republican House gave more assistance to the Governor's reform programme than the Senate of his own party.

The case of Governor Toole in Montana is somewhat different. He had already served two terms with a Legislature and State officers of his own party. Nor did he come into power on an issue which would induce the Republicans to make common cause with him against any element among the Democrats. Yet he fared reasonably well in legislative matters. A direct-nomination bill which he recommended was passed by the late Legislature. He also wanted a railroad-commission bill, and the House passed one substantially as he desired, but the Senate inserted a clause naming the commissioners in advance, and the Governor finally vetoed it. On other matters, especially on appropriations, Governor Toole had occasion to use the veto power with some freedom.

Delaware has again chosen to go unrepresented in the Senate of the United States rather than place credentials in the soiled hands of Addicks. For this we should all be profoundly thankful. But we ought also to do everything possible to nerve the indomitable band of anti-Addicks Republicans in Delaware for the fight that is still before them. They will have to encounter impatience in high quarters because they are not able to "do things"—as if preventing the rape of the State by Addicks were not of itself a magnificent achievement! They will be subjected to party pressure. It will be said that every Republican vote will be needed in the Senate to "save the Monroe Doctrine," or prevent the wicked Democrats from thwarting a benevolent Administration, and that it is no time to be squeamish about electing a briber if only he will promise to "uphold the President's hands." But against all such appeals we hope to see the Delaware opponents of Addicks remain firm as a rock. They have one business in hand—to beat an unspeakable corruptionist. If that injures their party or hampers their President, let party and President see to that; their skirts are clean.

The legal questions preliminary to Senator Gorman's negro disfranchising amendment having been disposed of in the Maryland courts, that measure is now to be taken up on its merits. The

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Democratic State Committee proposes to make acceptance of the amendment a condition of its endorsement of any candidate, State or local, next fall. At the same time a considerable body of Democrats, including the Governor of the State, are strongly opposed to the amendment as it stands. It contains, in fact, nearly all the objectionable features ever devised for such a law. The "grandfather clause," which, in Alabama, for instance, was made to apply to only the first few years of registration under the new law, is inserted in the Maryland amendment without limitation. The test of literacy, moreover, requires the voter to read "*and* to give a reasonable explanation" of a section of the Constitution, his judges being the registration officers. Letting off the white men from any requirement at all, it would impose only a travesty of a test on the negroes. According to the last census, there were 24,676 illiterate negro males of voting age in Maryland. They are to be deprived of the ballot, while the illiterate white men, who numbered 15,678 according to the same enumeration, are to be unmolested.

The decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals that the "Jim Crow" law passed by the last Legislature does not apply to interstate traffic, shows that the passage of any train or steamboat south of certain State lines will not be marked by an immediate rearrangement of passengers. The court at Annapolis was called upon to consider the case of a colored school teacher who was arrested while on his way from New York to Washington because he refused to move into the "Jim Crow" section as the train entered Maryland. Its decision only followed the law as interpreted by the Supreme Court in a Louisiana case, setting the Legislature right as to the extent of its powers. The court points out that the segregation order can be of no effect when the passenger on a train or boat or other public conveyance crosses the Maryland line, but admits the right of the Legislature to prescribe separate compartments for traffic wholly within the State. In practice it is hard to see just how this limited application of the law can avail to save the sensitive Marylanders from the shock they dread.

Governor Higgins is finding out the truth of the old saying that to tax and to please is as impossible for man as to love and be wise. He discovers a great willingness that "the other fellow" be taxed, but stout objection by every one to letting taxation begin at home. All the plans for increasing the State's revenue by further indirect taxes are meeting with strong opposition. It appears extremely probable now that the proposed tax on stock transfers will not be made law. The mortgage tax is again in troubled waters. Meanwhile, the appropriations continue to pile up. Governor Higgins will detect no reluctance to let the other fellow get his little bill through, provided the amenities of logrolling be strictly observed. The Governor, however, has taken the correct position. He declares that he will not sign the supply bills until the revenue bills are either passed or definitively abandoned. In the latter case, he will be bound to thrust in his pruning pen, as he fortunately is able to do, and cut out enough superfluities to keep outlay down to income. Direct taxes may be too dire an alternative to face just yet; but the budget must be balanced though the "deestricts" fall.

D. Cady Herrick and Perry Belmont were among those who appeared at the legislative hearing on March 21, on the Brackett and Palmer bills to prevent corrupt practices in elections. Both gentlemen have had experience which qualifies them to speak as experts. Indeed, Mr. Herrick frankly declared: "I am no reformer, nor am I a hypocrite. I have used money. Both political parties do." The bill which these two eminent students of practical politics are urging, is admittedly drastic. It prohibits corporations from contributing campaign funds, provides for the publication of all contributions and expenditures, and permits legal action—accompanied, of course, by investigation—by any citizen who believes an election has been conducted unfairly. That our present laws are too lax, too full of loopholes, is the conviction of reformers as well as of Messrs. Herrick and Belmont. The general principles of the measures proposed by Senator Brackett and Assemblyman Palmer are so excellent as to command the approval of all good citizens. Yet there is room for doubt as to the great efficacy of legislation in the present state of public opinion. The Democrats knew what Judge Herrick's political methods had been; nevertheless, they nominated him for Governor last autumn. A reputation for unscrupulousness is too often a valuable asset for a party leader.

By the new copyright law, the burdensome requirement of simultaneous publication here and in the country of origin is relaxed in the case of writers in foreign languages. The act applies to residents of the thirteen countries included in the international copyright agreement, and allows the taking out of an option for a year before the copyright is completed by manufacture and publication in the United States. It is a welcome if a small concession, for it gives the European publisher a breathing space to study our market before making his ventures. Books in foreign languages are seldom sought after by our publishing houses, and the principal benefit that will accrue under the new law will be to the few foreign authors who attain great vogue among us. From now on, the Sienkiewiczes and Pastor Wagners will get proper royalties. So far as English books are concerned, the case stands just as it did before. The burdensome and ridiculous requirement of a second printing here still holds for all copyright works. This is on the theory of making work for our compositors and pressmen, who are also protected by a rattling duty on the finished product. If Congress cannot make up its mind to revoke this wasteful rule, at least it may be hoped that the one year's option of copyright granted to foreign authors and publishers may be extended to our kinsmen across the sea.

An American Academy of Fine Arts at Rome has existed for several years on a provisional and somewhat precarious basis. Last Saturday it was announced that more than half of an endowment of a million dollars had been already raised and that Villa Miraflori, beyond the Porta Pia, had been purchased. With this step is permanently founded a very interesting auxiliary to the American art schools. Instruction will be given not in the theory and history of art, but in its practice; and the general conduct of the school will be modelled on that of the historic École de Rome. Presumably only a few students of proved competence will be accepted. This élite will naturally fall under the most persistent and persuasive classical influences, and to some extent their work should tend to offset among us both the authority of the academic and the allurement of the eccentric schools of Paris. The success of this attempt to set the current Romewards—a movement foreshadowed by the Powerses, Storys, and Crawfords half a century ago—will depend upon the material the school attracts. It requires a certain hardihood to promote neo-classicism in a time given over to excessive individualism and romanticism at bottom. But our architects, chiefly under the discipline of the École des Beaux-Arts, are already becoming classicists, and doubtless the founders of the school at Rome believe that the painters and sculptors will follow that lead.

An export tax on Newfoundland herring would squeeze Senator Lodge's Gloucester fishermen more sharply than any possible competition under a reciprocity treaty. Moreover, if the insular government actually declares the cargoes of the herring freighters to be a Newfoundland export, it will be very difficult to maintain the convenient pretext that they are the "product of American fisheries," and hence exempt from

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duty. Notoriously, the herring from the Bay of Islands are bought from the Newfoundlanders and fraudulently certificated as American-caught. The local authorities wink at the practice, because our shippers pay a substantial license fee. Evidently, the proposed export tax will make a continuance of the subterfuge more difficult, and the fish merchants in whose behalf chiefly the Hay-Bond convention was amended to death are likely to learn that Newfoundland possesses very substantial powers of retaliation. On all fishing matters Newfoundland holds the whip-hand, a fact strangely forgotten by those who were chiefly intent on keeping foreign fish out except when it was Senator Lodge's protégés who smuggled them in.

The Russian Finance Minister's invitation to the London *Times* to come over to St. Petersburg and count the gold reserve, if the editor really doubts its existence, throws a gleam of humor on a sombre subject. The *Times* has been publishing conspicuously a series of articles to prove the insolvency of Russia. The argument did not, as might have been supposed, concern itself with the question whether the Russian Government is provided with resources for enduring the strain of war, but undertook to show that Russia as a community is "marching direct to insolvency." The main ground for this conclusion was that, although Russia's exports of merchandise exceed her imports, nevertheless that excess cannot provide for such other dues to outside markets as interest on the public debt, profits of foreign capital invested in Russia, money spent by Russians living outside of Russia, and so on. These additional debits, so contends the *Times's* article, force us to the inference that "the Russian Empire, as a trading concern, is carrying on its great business at an annual loss of at least 250,000,000 rubles."

So far the *Times* threads the maze of the "national balance of trade," in which investigators are usually either lost in the bewildering contradictions of their own statistics, or buried hopelessly under a mass of figures. Mr. Lucien Wolf, however, the author of the articles in the *Times*, makes a bold dash for daylight. How was this "annual deficit" met? Not by commercial gold exports, for gold imports have been the rule. "All we can say with certainty is, that it is paid out of the gold reserve of some 1,900,000,000 rubles," belonging to the Russian Government in St. Petersburg and elsewhere. Mr. Wolf admits that he has no proof of such use of the gold reserve; but, cheerfully assuming it to be true, he concludes that Russia's "gold reserve is a colossal Humbert safe." It will be observed that this line of argument rather closely resembles that employed on the stump by Mr. McKinley during 1892, when he demonstrated conclusively that the United States could not be "losing gold on balance," because the year's "merchandise export balance" was $200,000,000. Mr. McKinley was invited to inspect the custom-house returns, showing a heavy gold export movement, but he declined to do so.

The notable fact about the new Japanese loan for $150,000,000, announced at the end of last week in London and New York, is the rise in the public credit of Japan which its terms reflect. The special security is apparently quite as good as that pledged to secure the $60,000,000 loan of last November—a lien on the highly productive Japanese tobacco monopoly—while that of five months ago was a second lien on the customs revenue. The market price of the two loans is also nearly identical; last autumn's figure being 90½, while the pending issue brings 90. But where an annual interest rate of 6 per cent. was exacted in 1904, the Government this year borrows at 4½—a very substantial concession by the bankers, and one almost if not quite unparalleled for a third large loan while war was actually going on.

No doubt, belief in an early peace has something to do with this rise in Japanese credit; the sentimental influence of the Japanese victories possibly has still more. But it is also possible that the financial world has learned something during the year as to the real resources of Japan. A letter from the Tokio correspondent of the *Evening Post* throws interesting light upon the much-mooted question whether Japan was at any time really in danger of being crushed by the burden of carrying on the war. Not only is testimony borne to the fact that Japanese industry has prospered, in the face of this enormous drain of men and treasure, but the tests by which we are wont to measure our own prosperity are applied with encouraging results. The December exchange of bank checks at the principal Japanese clearing-houses, for instance, footed up $182,000,000, against $144,900,000 in 1903 and $124,700,000 in 1902. The volume of business at last year's close on Japanese stock exchanges, though smaller than at the similar period a year before, was larger than in 1902. Still more striking is the report of post-office savings-bank deposits, which in December reached some $18,600,000, comparing with $15,600,000 one year before, and $14,400,000 two years back. These results are achieved at the end of a year in which Japan's own people have subscribed to $140,000,000 war bonds of the Government. London newspapers, taking some other figures, are calling attention to the striking fact that Japan's export trade, in 1904, increased $15,000,000, or 10 per cent., over 1903; Japan's export trade, in 1904, increased ably silk, having risen nearly $19,000,000.

To judge by the debate last week in the House of Lords, recent arbitration treaties have not affected competitive naval schedules. So sound and conservative a statesman as Viscount Goschen said explicitly that to the old two-Power standard—which meant specifically France and Russia—must now be added Germany, with her twelve battleships. The first lord of the Admiralty, in the same tenor, declared that no retrenchment of the programme should be made in view of the great losses to the Russian fleet, but that an approach should be made to a three-Power standard. For many years England ran under the two-Power doctrine, with an additional provision of cruisers justified by the extensiveness of her dispatch service. Now, apparently, the scale is to be raised a point, not in view of possible or probable hostile alliances, but simply with regard to the gross number of fighting machines possessed by any three nations. Thus, Lord Selborne used the remarkable growth of the Japanese navy, that of an allied Power, as an argument for pushing the construction of battleships, while Goschen counted up the German and French navy as if it were likely to make a joint descent upon the English dockyards. Obviously, the naval rule of three, however computed, must in the long run spell ruin. Indeed, many of us may live to see England staggering under an immutable four-Power doctrine.

M. Paul Deschanel, former president of the Chamber of Deputies, cites America as the ideal instance of separation of Church and State. This is a virtual repudiation of Combes, whom Deschanel served for a time, and indicates that the plan of separation now under debate will be conducted in the spirit of progress, not of persecution. M. Rouvier seeks not to punish the Church, but to secure a permanent and satisfactory relation between it and the nation. Many of the Catholics will assent freely to this policy, stipulating only for sufficient notification of the withdrawal of the stipends to the clergy, and for continued tenure of ecclesiastical buildings on easy terms. This the Government project concedes, and it looks now as if separation might be brought about without any great immediate strain. M. Rouvier's apparent success in smoothing down the gravely ruffled sensibilities of all parties concerned shows that there are many ways of killing your political cat short of killing her with kindness. The removal of M. Combes's bristling personality has had the almost unexampled effect of bringing something like calm into the most troubled of political controversies.

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SHOWING MR. CHAMBERLAIN OUT.

On March 22 a resolution condemning in precise terms Mr. Chamberlain's proposals of a 10 per cent. duty on manufactures found only two dissenting votes in Parliament. Mr. Balfour and his followers, excepting twenty-two Unionist Free Traders who welcomed the chance to vote against Chamberlainism, walked out and left the motion to its fate. The resolution, which Mr. Balfour had explained was non-contentious, was passed by a majority of 254 to 2. Mr. Chamberlain could not desire a more positive vote of no confidence. Lord Hugh Cecil did not fail to point out that those who feared to defend Imperial reciprocity in Parliament could be but craven advocates before the nation. He also scored severely a Government so uncertain of its own mind as to fight anti-Chamberlain resolutions for two years, and then desert the cause completely. In fact, this heroic method of lightening ship, while primarily disastrous to Mr. Chamberlain, may prove almost equally damaging to Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Chamberlain it put in the novel position of a man who blows hot and cold while his dearest principles are kicked about scornfully. For look how little is left of the great programme launched nearly two years ago in the historic Birmingham speech. Food taxes are necessary to attract the colonies to any reciprocity scheme; Mr. Balfour has consistently opposed food taxes. Duties on manufactures are indispensable both to the reciprocity scheme and to an anti-dumping campaign; but Parliament has declared against such a tariff, practically *nem, con.* There remains the scheme for colonial conferences. This Mr. Balfour has made his own, stipulating simply that the conferences should be uninstructed and unauthoritative. Meanwhile, wherever organized labor has found a voice, its verdict has been hostile to a change of fiscal policy, and the bye-elections have returned Free Trade members with significant regularity. All signs point to a crumbling of the propaganda of which Joseph is the prophet.

Of course, he consciously faced the chances of defeat. That he should appear to be going down not as the fighter he has always been, but with some ignominy, like an importunate book agent finally shown the door, is contrary to all expectations. Yet it is evident that he must defend his cause or see perish with it his own prestige. Mr. Chamberlain is not a man to ride two horses. He is on record for a prompt appeal to the electorate. Only the other day he rebuked in unmistakable set terms the "unnecessary timidity" of those who failed to declare their allegiance. It is plain that he cannot safely put off this aggressiveness and devote himself to the gentler service of prolonging Mr. Balfour's official existence. For the day of pretences is over. Mr. Balfour's professions of open-mindedness and neutrality mean nothing in view of last week's desertion. Whatever he may have intended by running away, the fact remained that when a shaft was aimed at Mr. Chamberlain's heart, Mr. Balfour stepped aside and said: "That's nothing to me." How long under these circumstances can Mr. Chamberlain affect to support Mr. Balfour? Not long, unless he surrenders his case. When the Free Trade Unionists are voting gladly with the Opposition, the so-called Fiscal Reformers cannot maintain indefinitely their loyalty to a leader who, declining to defend his own cause in Parliament, bids them support a Premier who ignores both cause and leader. To rehabilitate himself and his policy, Mr. Chamberlain will have to turn upon those who have shown him the door, and put them out.

To follow the Parliamentary tangle resulting from Mr. Balfour's policy of abstention would defy ingenuity itself. Technically and numerically, Mr. Balfour may gain strength from the decline of Chamberlainism; but it seems also as if the late "walk-out" could not fail to be viewed in a sense unfavorable to the Premier. Such an expedient is usually that of an abused minority; for a leader with a strong majority it bears the look of playing the baby. Moreover, it casts a sinister light upon all Mr. Balfour's relations with Mr. Chamberlain. Of the latter's loyalty there can be no doubt; he has proved it to his own hurt. Can as much be said for Mr. Balfour? Was he really taking time to make up his mind, or was he merely waiting until it was safe to snub his troublesome friend?

Mr. Chamberlain's *riposte* came with characteristic swiftness. On Thursday he authorized a protectionist candidacy at Greenwich against Mr. Balfour's candidate and kinsman, Lord Hugh Cecil. Thus ends the unnatural alliance between Chamberlain and Balfour, and not without grave impeachment of the Premier's clear good faith. It was palpably absurd to profess friendship for Mr. Chamberlain, yet allow his bitterest opponents, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles and Lord Hugh Cecil, to preach free trade in their constituencies. It required a peculiar casuistry to praise Mr. Chamberlain on his resignation for doing bravely outside the Cabinet what, with reluctance, those inside must do more cautiously, and then to condemn essential parts of the Chamberlain programme. Indeed, nothing is stranger than the fact that a gentleman of chivalrous and idealistic bent, as Mr. Balfour unquestionably is, should have been caught in so many equivocal dealings. From the time when he managed to let two Free Trade Ministers resign, and yet keep the Duke of Devonshire, whom they confidently expected to go out with them, Mr. Balfour has frequently profited by misunderstandings which in another man would roundly be called tricks. His nursing of Chamberlainism until the protest of the bye-elections had proved its vast unpopularity, is characteristic. England will put up with a good deal of casuistry when, as in Gladstone's case, it is of a robust sort; such vacillation as Mr. Balfour has shown, runs counter to British notions of fair play. The breach with Chamberlain comes too late to bring him either personal credit or political advantage. As for Mr. Chamberlain, when he is fighting Mr. Balfour's candidates in the constituencies, how long can he refrain from opposing him in the House of Commons?

HANDING ON THE TORCH.

With the opening of spring, the sporting columns of the daily press are peppered with announcements of "interscholastic meets." The intercollegiate athletic contests are imitated with admirable seriousness by the boys of our high schools and academies; the fashion is forcing its way into the grammar grades; and soon we may be chronicling the muscular prowess of four-year-old Tommy and Jimmy, the heroes of an interkindergarten meet. Fond parents who attend the interscholastic contests glow with pride as they note the interest which the greatest living Americans, our college champions, take in the performances of darling Harold and Reginald. Smith, the famous senior whose skill in putting the shot has made Harvard the foremost university in the country, pats the lad of sixteen on the back and assures him that a career of great glory will be his at Cambridge. Jones, whose speed in the quarter-mile is the boast of all loyal Yale men, is convinced, on the other hand, that New Haven is the place to get a start in the grave business of life. Surely, the labor of committees on endowment is superfluous when the flower of our undergraduates will spend their days and nights in persuading high-school boys to go where culture waits them.

We are pained, therefore, to note the pessimism of the *Harvard Bulletin.* We trust this paper merely expresses the superciliousness of Harvard, and does not speak for the athletes of other institutions. "One of the worst concomitants of intercollegiate sport," says the bilious *Bulletin*, "is the solicitation of athletes in the secondary schools." While admitting that to try to capture for your own college an athlete of ability is not a crime, the *Bulletin* yet holds—inconsistently, of course—that "the way in which these so-called inducements are urged upon the young men shows how far the desire to win has outstripped everything else"; and that "the methods now in vogue have become a menace to the preparatory schools." Then follow specifications. The principal of a large New England academy complains

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that the hallways of his buildings are sometimes almost crowded with representatives of different colleges who are "special ambassadors" to a good football or baseball player. The principal, whose prosaic mind is obviously fixed on his wretched little text-books, fears that the boys in his charge may get a wrong idea of the real importance of athletics. He worries because his pupils scarcely pretend to study, but play baseball or football, and "then wait for an offer from some college." Furthermore, at a recent contest of athletes of New England preparatory schools, the conduct of some of the college men and coaches who were after swift runners and good jumpers was, in the opinion of the *Bulletin*, disgusting. "Their attempts were open and flagrant." The athletic trainer of a college not in New England —this the height of offending—had the impudence to be on hand; and one of the Boston papers gave the names of men to whom he had offered inducements.

Such are the facts which disturb the soul of the *Bulletin* and lead it to say in its haste that the motto of politics and business, "Anything to succeed," should not govern intercollegiate athletics, and that Harvard graduates should not take part in "the scramble which is now going on in the schools and academies of New England, and probably elsewhere." This advice may be followed in the conduct of a Sunday-school, but not, we are confident, in the management of a college. Unless the sons of Harvard get out and hustle, there will be more tears for the crimson and cheers for the blue. Take an example from a kindred enterprise. Were the proprietors of our large racing stables—say, Keene, Belmont, and H. P. Whitney—to maintain a dignified indifference, and run only such horses as were bred in their own paddocks, their turf winnings would simply dwindle to nothing. But they know their business. They have experts watching all the tracks for "promising youngsters." The competition is keen—sometimes, perhaps, unscrupulous; but need we affirm that it is wholesome? The analogy holds precisely; it is not in the least vitiated by the argument that horse-racing is a more thoroughly organized, better paid, and highly esteemed profession than college teaching.

There is nothing new in the essence of college rivalry; the change is in the outward form. A generation or two ago it was the lad of intellectual parts and attractive character who had to endure the ordeal now reserved for athletes. "Harvard has the finest college library in America," would be the plea of one advocate. "Yale has Professor Whitney," would be the answer. "You can study under Harkness at Brown." "Yes, but under Hopkins at Williams." This kind of talk, we submit to anybody but the prejudiced principal mentioned above, was sure to give a boy a wrong idea of the real importance of study. Old men can recall those days of darkness. Fathers had not begun to understand that athletics were the chief thing, and studies a mere elegant diversion; professors were often steeped in the same ignorance; and even undergraduates, in order to humor the powers that be, pretended to be busy with their books. But, thank Heaven! we no longer compel ingenuous youth to sear their consciences with hypocrisy. We have discovered the true function of the college in modern civilization, and we avow our convictions frankly.

We do not assert that there will never come a reaction in favor of books and laboratories; the brilliant civilization of Greece and Rome was followed by stagnation and mediæval superstition. But while the present age of enlightenment lasts, we must make the most of it. If our colleges are to fulfil their high destiny of developing muscle and figuring in "scare-head" stories in the newspapers, we must spare neither time, effort, nor money to bring in the best athletes. President Eliot and other mossbacks may prate about "the difference between practising generously a liberal art, and driving a trade or winning a fight, no matter how"; but Wall Street, Washington, and the prize-ring are teaching us the invaluable lesson that the end will justify any means.

THE NEW CREDULITY.

Prof. S. W. Williston of the University of Chicago was reported a week ago as having expressed some fantastic views in a lecture on palæontology. Among the least of the absurdities attributed to him was the prediction that, after a trifle of a million or two years more, birds would be the dominant animal type on the earth. But now the learned and apparently somewhat mortified professor writes to the *Sun* protesting against being written down an ass. He never held the language fathered upon him. Categorically and in detail, he denies having ever uttered a single one of the opinions tied to his name. But they have flown the country over. They have got the proverbial start which the lie has over handicapped truth, and the latter will doubtless struggle in vain to catch up.

Professor Williston is only the latest victim of the great modern art of mishearing, misunderstanding, and misapplying. It has had an enormous development. Two agencies have nourished it—a sensationalized press and a boundless popular credulity. The latter seems to fasten itself especially upon "science." This it regards as a kind of thaumaturgy. A scientific professor is thought as *capable de tout* as Habbakuk himself. Any extravagance, any wild nonsensicality, any sheer impossibility, is accepted as coming from him with the easy good faith of a child or a savage. "I see that Professor Exray says that when the oxygen of the universe is all used up, people will have to maintain combustion in their lungs by carbon inhalations ignited by an electric spark." This is hardly an exaggeration of the monstrosities of belief that gravely pass current.

Every honest newspaper writer must admit that inaccurate and sensational press reporting is mainly to be blamed for this topsy-turvydom of the public mind in many of these matters. Distortion and misconception of a speech or a lecture are discreditably common in the slap-dash journalism of the day. The trouble lies, however, more in haste and ignorance than in malice. The reporter does not deliberately set out to misrepresent. He is ever on the watch for something "spicy," something that will make the jaded newspaper reader "sit up," and his temptation constantly is to wrest some half-understood sentence from its context, and send it out reverberating as if it were the whole, or the most important part, of what was said. Not long ago, for example, a New York newspaper gave an account of a lecture at the Museum of Natural History, which, it was said, was "a complete refutation of Darwinism." The lecturer was even represented as saying that if Darwin were alive and had the information possessed by the speaker, he would confess on the spot with shame that all his theories were wrong. Of course, every instructed man would know instantly that this was a "howler." He would know that every scientific worker is to-day a Darwinist *malgré lui;* that all science thinks in terms of evolution; and that the alleged statement could have been made only by an escâped lunatic. Investigation naturally discovered the blunder. The lecturer had, in fact, said that certain classes of facts which had come to light since Darwin's day tended to modify, in unimportant particulars, one of his unimportant theories of descent. That was all; but the hurried and ignorant reporter had the whole Darwinian theory done to death, and the doctrine of special creation triumphantly reëstablished. As we say, this was not so much dishonesty as incompetence. It was merely a proof of the danger of careless and untrained reporting, over which self-respecting newspaper men have so often occasion to grieve.

We would not by a hair diminish the responsibility of the press for disseminating sensational misinformation, but we can but marvel at the ease with which the public allows itself to be blown about by every wind of doctrine —particularly scientific doctrine. What is all our diffused education for if not to steady us against such gusty onsets

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of ignorance? It seems as if our grasp on general principles were relaxing. We stand ready to throw over any of them at the first rumor of their being attacked. Scientific notions, in particular, we seem to hold at the beck and call of the first whimsey that gets itself into print. This is largely because we have gone over nowadays to the spectacular conception of science. Its favorite devotees and expounders are "wizards" or "magicians"; and the gaping crowd stands about waiting for them to come out of their laboratories or workshops with a miracle in either hand. From the definition of science as simply "organized and trained common sense," we appear to be drifting away; as from the conviction that the great lines of scientific attainment and future progress are pretty definitely marked out, and that any man who strays widely from them—especially if he is plainly suffering from the itch of publicity—is either a weak-minded enthusiast or a charlatan.

Against the credulous acceptance of malformed newspaper "science," it is the duty of every thinking man to brace himself. Unless we are to slip back into universal superstition, we must refuse to abandon fixed ideas at the demand of floating speculations; we must be stoutly skeptical when asked to believe that a university professor has suddenly been made mad by much learning; we must, in a word, preach more urgently than ever that chief tenet of the scientific faith—salvation by verification alone.

GUARANTEEING OLD MASTERS.

Mr. Louis Ehrich, whose collection of old masters was sold at auction on Friday night, has come in for varied comment for guaranteeing the genuineness and authenticity of every example. The critics of two leading papers have indulged in mock admiration of the guarantor's hardihood. But, generally, Mr. Ehrich's action has been praised as suggesting a needed reform in the picture market. Evidently, the merits of the case depend neither upon the authenticity of the pictures just sold nor upon the verbal form of the guarantee. If the seller has taken an over-hopeful view of certain old canvases, he at least offers complete protection to those who have bought upon the strength of his judgment. Ten years ago he sold a collection of Flemish and Dutch masters under identical conditions. Since then the example has been imitated only once, to our knowledge—in the case of the collection of the late Brazilian Minister Mendonça, whose estate took back some disputed pictures under the guarantee. This would seem to show either that the average amateur is well content to buy his objects of art "as is," or that our dealers and auctioneers, counting upon the ignorance or indifference of the salesroom public, are neglecting a desirable reform.

There is much to be said for the absolute irresponsibility that prevails in the greatest art centre of the world, London. Your true connoisseur is not only willing, but delighted, to buy his objects of virtue "subject to all errors of description." It is the prevalence of the dubious or worse in the auction-room that affords him precious opportunities. His peculiar triumph is to cut out a treasure from its unworthy surroundings, and do it cheaply. Certainly, the critic who picked up a fine Domenico Veneziano in a Fifth Avenue auction-room, for a song, too, had no reason to regret the absence of a guarantee. And if all of our collectors were connoisseurs, or even bought frankly what pleased them regardless of attributions, the matter of description would be of minor interest. Indeed, the game, as a free-for-all, would become intolerably dull if the rules were made by the dry-as-dusts. But, as a matter of fact, real amateurs are rare among us. Most buyers follow, sheeplike, the fashions set by the dealers, and, beyond a narrow round of French and early English painters, regard all art with the distrustfulness bred of ignorance. It may fairly be said that the cavalier treatment Mr. Ehrich's old masters have had in certain quarters, while in part justified, evinces rather the uneasiness of the critics before unfamiliar material than any serious attempt at appraisal. His guarantee sets, we believe, a valuable example; and until it is generally followed, New York will hardly take its proper place as a market for objects of art.

After the Marquand sale it was freely said that New York must be ranked with London and Paris. Nothing could be further from the truth. Where great prices are attained, it is usually the result of puffery. Even at our best salesrooms the fluctuations in the prices of similar objects shows that in the main the bidding is not by persons who know, but by ill-instructed enthusiasts or timid bargain-hunters. The same public that absorbed many of Mr. Marquand's rugs at about four to five times their value, let some of the best of Mr. Benguiat's go at base prices. But the eagerness with which objects associated with a great collector are disputed, shows that our public welcomes any sort of authority, and, if there were any reasonable assurance that it was getting money's worth, would constitute itself a real market for art. To ascertain values, we should then turn to our own sales prices as we do now to those at Christie's or the Hôtel Drouot.

Before that can be, somebody must be made responsible for the motley objects that fill our auction rooms; and in the absence of *expertise* among our dealers and collectors, that somebody must obviously be the vendor, or his agent, the auctioneer. And no form of partial guarantee is of value. Occasionally, the seller admits dispute *before* the sale, holding the dissenter from the catalogue financially responsible for any loss his opinion may cause. Such a stipulation is clearly unfair. A critic must pass upon pictures quite apart from money considerations; to implicate him in any fashion in the sale is to reduce him to silence or platitudes. If he abuses his privilege of criticism, his rashness will soon discredit him. Evidently, some form of professional guarantee is desirable, and one that fairly divides the inevitable risk of false judgment equitably between buyer and vendor. Such, in theory at least, is the practice of the Paris sales. Every collection is catalogued and appraised by a *commissionnaire priseur*, generally a dealer. For the attributions he is responsible, and—in case of error and substantiated protest—financially also, up to the sum set by himself before the sale. This fixed guarantee does the double service of limiting the expert's liability and of expressing his valuation of the picture apart from its attribution. Thus, if we found an apparently important Rembrandt priced at, say, 25,000 francs, we might fairly assume the expert thought it a genuine but inferior example. Should the appraisal run as low as 5,000 francs, we might assume that he had his doubts.

We believe that the art auction companies, at least one of which undoubtedly makes an honest attempt to accept only well-accredited collections, would do well to go a step further and offer no important collection except under some such guarantee. With a public in which sporting spirit abounds, there is little danger that such a sponsorship would be taxed vexatiously. As for occasional ignorant or bumptious criticism in the press, there would actually be less of it if the really admirable collections were authoritatively distinguished from the ruck of the fraudulent and worthless. But it is to be feared that criticism is about the last thing many of the interested parties desire. The other day a well-known dealer whose old masters are generally old, occasionally important, exceptionally what they purport to be, and always expensive, begged not to be "sandbagged" by a certain art editor. Sandbagging meant saying unfavorable things about pictures for sale. Until our dealers learn to welcome as free a discussion as prevails, say, in London, the claim of New York to be an enlightened art market will be most contestable, and the need of certified old masters fairly a crying one.

JULES VERNE.

The death of Jules Verne should strike with a sense of personal bereavement all boys who read and all men

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in whom the romantic imagination of boyhood has not yet perished. He was a prophet with honor in his own country, for he and the famous Cathedral of Amiens were the twin marvels of the provincial city. Their two pictures, in all sizes and styles, stare from hundreds of shop windows. But this tribute is only a faint echo of that which came to him from every corner of the globe. Wherever love of adventure, coupled with curiosity as to the mechanism of the universe, exists, there Jules Verne finds his disciples. 'Around the World in Eighty Days,' 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' 'The Mysterious Island,' 'A Voyage to the Centre of the Earth,' 'From the Earth to the Moon'—here is a rollcall that should stir the pulses of graybeards, and almost summon back their irrevocable youth.

Verne's novels lack, we must admit, the great and enduring excellences of 'Robinson Crusoe,' yet to fall short of that matchless tale is far from failure. Many have tried to shoot with the bow of Defoe, have come cheerfully near to the target, and have still missed the bull's-eye. Paltock's 'Peter Wilkins' is, in spite of Lamb's generous praise, thin tissue in comparison with 'Crusoe.' Stevenson's 'Treasure Island' is the product of extraordinary intelligence and dexterity, but it wants bulk and depth. We lay down our 'Crusoe,' notwithstanding all its prolixities, with the conviction that we know the man. Whether wearing his skin cap and attended by Friday, or dressed as a sailor or a merchant, that heroic embodiment of ingenuity, piety, and fortitude could not escape our instant recognition. Captain Nemo, on the other hand, would be unrecognizable off the *Nautilus* and with his clothes changed; Cyrus Harding is a mere walking handbook of 'Facts Every Boy Should Know'; and even Phileas Fogg is not a convincing personality. In the art of characterization Verne is feeble. His creatures have certain tricks of dress or speech; they have specialties in knowledge, but no blood and vitality. They are hollow inside. Each, notwithstanding a fairly elaborate make-up, is, as Jean Passepartout described the redoubtable Phileas Fogg, "a genuine automaton."

Fortunately, boys are not contemplative philosophers. They will tolerate skilful character-drawing in a story that is crammed with incident; but, given the incident, they are entirely happy with characters which are differentiated in the most rudimentary fashion. "We read story-books in childhood," says Stevenson, "not for eloquence or character or thought, but for some quality of the brute incident." Nothing is better in its kind than the 'Arabian Nights'; nothing was ever written in which the caliphs, beggars, and robbers are more palpably wood and pasteboard. The fascination of the tales lies in the enchantment and the astounding adventures which vivify every page. 'Sindbad' thrusts upon us "brute incident," stripped of all the accessories which appeal to sophisticated taste, and captivates instantly the savage and the child.

The books of Jules Verne are the 'Arabian Nights' elaborately fitted with all modern improvements. The genii and the sorcerers of a few centuries ago have their lineal descendants in the accomplished gentlemen who are sometimes described as "the wizards of science." A submarine boat, a fast express, an automobile, a dirigible balloon, or a hollow shell shot at the moon, is a comfortable and highly plausible substitute for a travelling carpet or a roc. Given the problem of annihilating space and time, the unknown authors of the 'Arabian Nights' and Jules Verne both solve it according to formulas popular in their own day.

The charm of mystery is evident in the very title of Verne's works. No lad of twelve can resist the challenge of 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea,' 'Voyage to the Centre of the Earth,' and 'The Mysterious Island.' Had the subject-matter belied the captions, many eager readers would still have pegged away, lured by the mere magic of the words stamped on the binding. But the stories are worthy of their delicious names. The island *is* mysterious. Once you learn that the dog Top has been snuffing about the well in the Granite House, you and Cyrus Harding will never rest satisfied till you have discovered what it is that the sagacious animal hears and smells, till you have penetrated to that secret cavern where the *Nautilus* lies with the dying Captain Nemo.

On the scientific side of Verne's writing one may easily lay undue stress. He is not the first to embed scientific knowledge in stories for boys, though he is uncommonly successful in sugar-coating the pill. The method of Abbott and his imitators is to let Rollo draw Uncle George into endless and often futile discussion of the wonders of earth and sky. There is too much talk and too little action. Verne, on the contrary—and he has had many followers, notably H. G. Wells—vitalizes the dead fact by employing it in some striking feat in mastery of man or nature. The discourse on air pressure, water pressure, and hydraulics in 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea' is not knowledge for its own sake, but for the sake of managing the first and greatest of submarines in the delightful business of exploring the depths of the ocean. Nevertheless, as we have said, these contributions to science are not to be taken too seriously. The average boy can shed information as a duck sheds water. Who ever followed through those complicated calculations for constructing the great cannon and aiming it at the moon? If parents are severe-minded and doubtful about the propriety of the novel, the young reader can protest, "See, father, it tells us that, at 32,000 feet below the surface of the ocean, pressure on the human body would be 97,500,000 pounds"—an unanswerable argument. But the science, after all, is a mere husk. The kernel is of such stuff as dreams are made of.

THE WHISTLER EXHIBITION.—II.

LONDON, March 15, 1905.

Had Whistler never painted a picture, his fame would still rest as securely on his etchings and his lithographs, and it happens that at the Memorial Exhibition in London the collection of his prints is more complete than the collection of his paintings. There are fewer gaps in the series of etchings. There are hardly any gaps at all in the series of lithographs. Step by step, his progress in these arts may be followed, from the moment he set out on the roads of France, a student laden with copper-plates; from the moment when, in the fulness of his powers, he made his first experiment on the stone, down to the last plate he bit and printed, the last lithograph he issued. It seems scarcely possible that any museum, any national or municipal gallery, will ever be able to give the chance to study his black-and-white work which has been provided by a private society in a show destined now to close in a very few weeks.

The members of the committee in charge have realized to the full—at any rate, one of them has—the importance of this chance, and have done everything they could, by judicious hanging and arrangement, to help the student and the collector to make the most of it. Though the question of space has been a serious one, the prints are never crowded; on the contrary, they are hung so as to produce a decorative effect on the wall which alone is restful to the eye, while they are arranged in chronological order. The greatest difficulty of all has been presented by the loan of the etchings from the Royal Library at Windsor, a splendid contribution numerically; but when royalty "graciously condescends" to contribute to an exhibition, a due appreciation of the condescension must be shown in the treatment of the royal contribution, no matter what its merit. The King's collection has been hung apart, in the central hall, on the white walls that not long ago were the background to Rodin's "Main de Dieu," and up in the balcony, where the wonderful Venetian set can be seen better than it ever was seen before. This, necessarily, interrupts the chronological sequence; the rest of the fine series, lent by the several collectors whom I mentioned in my last letter, having a place in the largest of the three rooms. But, by a careful system of cross-references in the catalogue, this difficulty is disposed of. It is the student's own fault if his study of the series is less systematic; and, in studying Whistler's etchings, it is worth while being systematic in order to understand his wonderful command of the art from the beginning, and also the changes in his technical method of expression.

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I do not say development, for, after the first experiments, there was, in a sense, no development. He revealed himself at once the master, even in the prints of what is known as the French set—the greater number in the present exhibition coming from Windsor. They are amazing as the performance of the mere student which Whistler was when he produced them, and this not simply because of their promise as the work of one so young and inexperienced, but for their actual accomplishment. Still, it was really in the London etchings, "the Sixteen," and the others, that he may be said to have found himself. Already, in the late fifties, when he came over from Paris, he was creating the masterpieces that surpass the best etchings of Rembrandt, and, of course, are far above those of any other artist who had at that date worked upon copper. The recent outburst of praise from the critics in London was bound to bring about a reaction, and I notice that in some quarters the old familiar charge of his technical feebleness—his impotence they appear almost to think it—is being revived. "Because achievement to him was so difficult, he had to pose as impeccable," we are assured; and again, that "to realize what he wanted was so intolerable a strain that every scrap of paper his hand had touched, every plate his needle had scratched, had to be inspired"; and so on, and so on. But who can look at these London plates and discover in them any sign of strain, intolerable or otherwise, any trace of difficulties in achievement? They are the work of a man sure of himself, to whom the realization of what he wanted was such a pleasure that, so far from evading difficulties, he might seem to be seeking them. He saw, as no one yet had seen, the beauty of the old tumbled-down Thames warehouse and the picturesqueness of the riverside, with its grime and glitter and toil, and he spared himself not a detail in giving it expression. He who was popularly supposed never to have learned how to draw—though one has only to turn to the two Coast Survey plates here exhibited to know what he could do technically—elaborated these London plates with the skill and knowledge of the accomplished draughtsman; never, however, forgetting the value of line in an etching, never sacrificing the spontaneity and freshness of his impression, never vying, like some etchers who came after him, with the detail of the steel-engraver, never losing sight of the well-balanced design in over-attention to its parts.

The London series in etching, like the "Blue Wave" and the pictures of the so-called Japanese period in painting, show upon what a solid foundation of knowledge and technique his later, broader style was based. As time went on, one can see in the London plates (in the "Adam and Eve," for instance) the approaching change. Detail is less elaborately worked out, more is left to suggestion, there is greater breadth in the handling. And then we come to the Venice sets, in which he seemed almost to paint on the plate with his needle as no artist ever had done or attempted to do, in which he appeared the master-printer as well as the master-draughtsman. The Venice prints from Windsor are extremely beautiful, fine examples of the color Whistler got in the printing, the quality he obtained by this painter-like method of expression—and indeed this and the Naval Review set are the only things of importance, as far as the prints go, from Windsor. The Amsterdam, the Brussels plates have much the same characteristics as the Venice work. And so one reaches at last the marvellous Naval Review or Jubilee set, the merest notes, they might be thought, on copper—water, sky, ships, all rendered with the greatest economy of line, the least possible detail, and yet as expressive in their way as the early Thames plates in all their beautiful minuteness.

Of course, the collection is not limited to the prints that were published in sets or that belong to groups. There are many of Whistler's portraits, strong in character as Rembrandt's, and full of a grace—as in the lovely "Jo's Bent Head" and so many more—never found in the Dutch master. There are the studies of models, the little shops the artist loved, the notes of streets in London, Paris, and the French towns, he knew so well. In fact, the omissions are comparatively rare down to the latest Paris series, which he never finished. And if there are even prints from plates he destroyed because he was not satisfied with them, it is a good thing that they should be exhibited, if only to silence the British critics who declare, in their ignorance, that he would have preserved and passed off as inspired every scratch of his needle, and who, in their hearts, continue to hate him. One of their number has gone so far as to revive the old Ruskin description, and to proclaim him anew the coxcomb. But writers who pass for prophets in the United Kingdom need not be accepted implicitly in the United States, and Americans must always remember that one reason why Whistler was never taken seriously as an artist in England, is because he was an American—an unpardonable crime in English eyes.

The lithographs are arranged with equal care in chronological order, and, as with the etchings, there is hardly a suggestion of a tentative or experimental stage. It was not until the end of the seventies that Whistler tried working on stone and lithographic paper, but at the first trial he evidently understood just what he could do, just what he should want to do, with this new medium—new, that is, to him. He never emulated the elaboration, the strong color—the "velvety blacks" that became so hackneyed in the writings of certain English critics a few years since—the greater finish and minuteness, the more deliberate picture-making, found in the prints of the French lithographers of an older generation, who had worked for publication in the weekly or monthly press, or of the English lithographers who had drawn on the stone for the illustration of large and imposing, but forgotten, gift-books. It happened that some of his lithographs were published in papers—for instance, in the *Whirlwind*, when they were to be had for the rare price of a penny apiece. But this may be said to have been an accident; certainly, he never used lithography for illustration as Daumier and Gavarni, or Prout and Lane did. He used it for no more definite end than to note for his own pleasure the beauty or character of the person or scene before him, and to note it in such a way that it could be multiplied for the pleasure of others. He never asked more than this of the lithographic chalk; and his wonderful little portraits, his churches, his sweep of the Thames with its bridges, his smithies and laundries and shops, his gardens and streets, are as complete and perfect, if in another fashion, as the bull-fights of Goya or the landscapes and marines of Isabey. If he exchanged chalk for wash on the stone, it was to obtain the same perfection in the result; his Thames "Nocturne" in lithotint is as lovely, as charged with mystery and poetry, as any he ever painted on canvas. If he introduced color, it was, again, only to achieve perfection; his old houses, with just the right touch of warm red or brown, of green or yellow, in the right place; his little draped models, tinted as delicately and daintily as the little figures of Tanagra, are as reticent as most modern lithographs in color are exaggerated, and they have the charm of his own pastels without ever losing the true lithographic quality.

But I think the great interest of seeing so many of Whistler's etchings and lithographs together is that it helps one to realize all the more fully how entirely Whistler, like every great artist of any age or race, lived in the present and relied upon what was about him for his subjects and motives. He did not have to borrow the habits and climate of others, to wander in groves, to be roasted out of broadcloth, in order to open his eyes to truth, to beauty. He found it in his own world, as Rembrandt had seen picturesque grandeur and noble dignity in the Jews' quarter at Amsterdam, or as Tintoret and Paul Veronese had in Venice, making no attempt to change its brocaded silks for the classic draperies of Athens, or as Velasquez in Spain, painting the Infantas, who, clad in unæsthetic hoops, are, as works of art, of the same quality as the Elgin marbles.

No matter where he was, where he went, beauty was ever with him. It was in his studio, in his models and sitters, as they were, in the costume of the day, with never a lament on his part that they were not Greeks. If he crossed the threshold of his studio, beauty was still everywhere—in the old shops and smoky streets of London as in the palaces and canals of Venice, in the churches of Wren as in the castles of the Loire, at the country blacksmith's as in the "fairyland" of the Thames at night; everywhere he found beauty, everywhere he recorded it, either on his copper-plate or lithographic paper, according to the need of the moment. And so it has come about that the artist who concerned himself least with "subject," who never designed his work to tell anything but the artistic facts he entrusted to it, has left in the series of his prints as complete a record of his life as if he had set out deliberately to etch and draw his autobiography. To go round the walls of the New Gallery, where these prints now hang, is to know where he lived, how he lived, what he cared for. You see him the student, wandering and working through the little towns of France; you see him settled down to work in London; you accompany him on his rare journeys to Venice, to Holland, to Belgium, and again through France. You even live his life with him, on terms of intimacy, I might almost say, with his sister, Lady Seymour Haden, whose home was his, and her daughter, "Annie Haden," who has come to be as historic a figure as the little Infantas of

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Spain or the royal children of Stuart England. You are even admitted into the privacy of the apartment in the Rue du Bac, and watch with Whistler "The Sisters" at the piano, or his wife, now sleeping, now watering the flowers, now deep in "Confidences"; you breakfast with him in the garden there. And then you return with him to London, rambling in his company to the little out-of-the way churches of Soho, or the theatres of the Strand, past the old sweetshops and ragshops, to which few but he would give as much as a glance. You look with him from the windows of the Savoy to the Thames flowing under Waterloo Bridge, past the warehouses—the Thames that for him never lost its enchantment to the very end. You even have glimpses into the tragedy, the sorrow, of these later years. In a word, the life of Whistler is unfolded before you because art was his life, and art, as he believed, was concerned with the beauty that he himself saw and knew and felt until it became his own; not the beauty that had been seen by other men, living in other days, under other conditions. There was no artist who respected and reverenced the great traditions of the past more deeply and sincerely than Whistler, and this was why he understood, as so few modern artists do, that it was his business to carry on these great traditions by using his own eyes and giving to the world, not somebody else's impressions, but his own record of what he saw for himself.

To add to the completeness of the exhibition, the wood-engravings of the few illustrations Whistler made in the sixties for *Good Words* and *Once a Week* are included. There are also some of the originals of his series of drawings for Sir Henry Thompson's catalogue of his Collection of Blue and White Nankin Porcelain, and these are as extraordinary as Jacquemart's etchings of similar subjects. It is curious to find some comparatively recent designs on the wood—one or two quite elaborate—evidently intended for illustrations; one or two but slight sketches of heads. For some reason, they were never engraved, and, as they are now seen on the block, they give an idea of what the originals of the *Good Words* and *Once a Week* series may have been like. There are many other drawings in different mediums; one, with a peculiarly personal interest, being a pen-and-ink study of Whistler himself, done for the large full-length portrait he sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

I must say at least a word in praise of the catalogue, which has been most carefully prepared and revised in the various editions, it now having reached the fifth. The pictures are accurately described, and this is most important for the purpose of identification in the case of Whistler, who sometimes changed their titles. Between twenty and thirty new etchings have been catalogued, Wedmorian blunders corrected, and the excellent supplement to the Wedmore catalogue, published in New York, supplemented. All the lithographs in Way's catalogue except two are entered, and twenty hitherto never described have been added. The type, spacing, and cover used are Whistler's. And altogether it is a catalogue to be bought even by those who are not fortunate enough to see the show.

It is a pleasure to be able to state that the Memorial Exhibition has proved a success, a tremendous success. It has been visited by the King and Queen, which means much in England; and in three weeks twenty-five thousand people have rushed to the New Gallery to applaud the artist they were as eager to despise during his lifetime.

N. N.

Correspondence.

FITNESS FOR THE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If those good men, doubtless now in heaven, who laid the foundations of this Government, could know the provisions of the new Constitution of Alabama, they would, I imagine, heave a long sigh of relief that we in this country are gradually recovering our political sanity. The candidate for suffrage must show some fitness for that privilege beyond the fact that he wears breeches and has survived twenty-one winters. Incredible as it may seem, some of our countrymen have recognized the fact that physical qualifications are not sufficient—that there must be some proof of mentality in the voter. To my thinking, this and similar movements, coupled with the Australian ballot, constitute the most important political development of recent years in America. The reaction against mob-democracy has undoubtedly set in, and there can be little doubt that the next generation will see the finish of its pestiferous reign.

Imagine the effect of a Constitution similar to that of Alabama, if applied to Illinois, or especially to Chicago, where we are now in the throes of a municipal election. Aside from the absolute silliness of electing a city clerk—a survival of the old hurrah-boys days of prairie-village democracy—interest is concentrated on the mayoralty. One of the candidates, himself a man of unimpeachable personal honesty, has endorsed in a public speech the notorious "Hinky-Dink." The lodging-house district is jammed full of tramps and vagabonds ready (and under our laws qualified) to vote. These "critters," and thousands like them, equally well qualified under our laws to vote, have no understanding whatever of the duties and obligations of citizenship; have not within the last twelve months been engaged in any lawful occupation, cannot read and write any article of the Constitution of the United States in the English language, have paid no taxes, and have nothing to pay taxes on, and probably never will have; a large part of them have been in jail, and undoubtedly more of them would be there now if they had their just deserts. They are the lads that swing elections.

Truly, American optimism is a fearful and wonderful thing! E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, March 25, 1905.

THE HARVARD-TECHNOLOGY MERGER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The publication, on Saturday, of the plan of merger between Harvard and the Institute of Technology—the plan, it should be understood, is not that proposed by Harvard nor accepted by her conferees, but that of President Pritchett—will at last cause Harvard men to speak out. They have held their peace for a year while the Technology alumni have vehemently expressed their opinion—not complimentary—of Harvard; but the body of Harvard alumni will be, in the last resort, the constituency whose opinion will decide this question; and already, in the past two days, one hears only condemnation of the scheme as set forth in President Pritchett's manifesto:

For a year Harvard has been made to seem the suppliant in this transaction, and her Scientific School has been unsparingly defamed by the men of the Institute. And yet Harvard men have not forgotten that it was covetousness for the millions left to Harvard by Gordon McKay which suddenly quickened the zeal of President Pritchett for an alliance. Nor are Harvard men blind to the fact that President Pritchett's plan stipulates that three-fifths of the income from the McKay fund shall go to the Institute. In return, what does Harvard get? The more President Pritchett's plan of merger is pondered, the more clearly will it be seen that Harvard gets nothing.

The plea that the merger will prevent duplication of plant and competition in education becomes more and more specious the closer it is analyzed. Stripped of verbiage, President Pritchett's plan will have this result: It will wipe out at Harvard the Scientific School—that department of the University which has made the greatest progress in relative numbers and efficiency during the past ten years. It will turn over to a board of which President Pritchett is the head, the men who have brought about this great change in the Scientific School, and who are opposed to him personally and to the merger. It will deprive Harvard of the opportunity which the McKay fortune has brought of developing a great School of Science, a school which in a comparatively short time may well attain to the eminence of Harvard's schools of law and medicine.

But for Harvard, and, indeed, every endowed institution in the land, the consummation of this merger may have the gravest consequences, if it shall happen—which seems incredible—that the Harvard Corporation and Overseers, against the known wish of Gordon McKay, shall practically hand over the spending of his money to the Institute of Technology. For years he was solicited by the friends of the Institute to leave his fortune to it; he looked over the ground deliberately, compared both institutions, and most deliberately decided that Harvard should administer his benefaction. No one denies these facts; but the advocates of the merger hope that, by getting the Supreme Judicial Court to support a legal quibble, they can really contravene Mr. McKay's wishes. But legal sanction is not moral sanction; and if the Harvard authorities shall so disregard the moral obligations of a great trust, it is certain that future benefactors of colleges will be careful how their draw their wills.

It is noteworthy that the School of Architecture is not included in this scheme. The inference is plain. Mr. Nelson Robinson, the munificent founder of that school, is still alive, and the advocates of the merger are too wary even to suggest laying their hands on it. Will they be equally mindful of his wishes after his death? Or, if Mr. McKay were living, and had given five millions to Harvard, does anybody suppose that either corporation would have the audacity to turn that money over to an-

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other institution? Is it any more honorable to do so when he is dead?

If the plan which President Pritchett has published were really President Eliot's plan, then might Harvard men and the world sorrowfully accept it as an indication that President Eliot had reached the limit of his strength, and welcome the possibility of throwing part of the burden of governing Harvard on the shoulders of an alien institution. But, even if the calamity of old age should fall upon him, the governing boards of the University ought never to acquiesce in a project to give to a foreign body the control of a flourishing member of the University, and thereby to restrict Harvard's usefulness and prestige. If the task has become too heavy for President Eliot, then, with regret, must a younger man be found—one who will not think of surrendering one inch of Harvard's domain. We do not hear that Yale is trying to bribe some other institution to relieve her of the management of the Sheffield Scientific School, or that Columbia finds her School of Mines so burdensome that she would be glad to have the Stevens Institute run it for her.

Harvard men, when they understand the situation, and learn the methods by which this merger has been promoted, may be counted on to veto any proposal to cut off one of the vital organs of the University, to alienate the income of a fortune which will amount to $20,000,000 by the middle of the century, and to disregard, under any pretext, the wishes of the most liberal of Harvard's benefactors. HARVARD, A.B.

BOSTON, March 27, 1905.

GREEK AND HEBREW GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May we say a word concerning the criticism in your last number on S. H. Butcher's 'Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects'? The writer of the criticism suggests a comparison of Greek and Hebrew writings. Now we should very much like to see such a comparison, but we cannot feel that a good one is near at hand, for nothing amazes us more than the want of accurate knowledge that the classical scholar has of the Hebrew world, and vice versa. For example, in this criticism the writer speaks of Chateaubriand's comparison of Homer and the Bible, without, to our minds, quite holding up his hands enough in horror at the gross injustice of the comparison, for in Chateaubriand's work Homer, who sang somewhere near the beginning of Greek writings, is compared with the entire Bible. A bit is compared with a whole—and that whole, late as well as early. Or, to be more explicit, bits in the Odyssey are put beside bits in Job—that is, early Greek work beside late, full-blown Hebrew work. That really is not fair. If comparisons are to be made, let them be made between narratives of corresponding ages of culture. Let Homer be put beside the old Yahvistic narrative of Genesis (*c. 800*), let Abraham, as he appears in Y (not in P), be put beside Hector, let the craft-hero Odysseus be put beside the craft-hero Jacob; but do not put Odysseus's contemporaries beside Job. Really, somebody should write for scholars and clergymen a little book of dates, Greek and Hebrew, putting parallel writings opposite.

Again, may we enter a plea that writers should read the whole of the chapters from which they take their quotations, as Mr. Butcher, delicate Greek scholar that he is, certainly did not? For example, in his Harvard lecture, he quoted as an example of the more tender, evolved Hebrew spirit the first verse of Isaiah lxi.:

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Where in Greece could we find such a sentiment? cried Mr. Butcher—meaning, apparently, such warm, tender, universal, brotherly-love ideals. Now, could Mr. Butcher have read that chapter as a whole, could any one read that chapter to its end, and find in it universal brotherhood? Plainly it has no thought beyond the Jews. They, not the world, are the broken-hearted. Certainly, it bears all the marks of having been written when the Jews were captive, probably in Babylon, waiting for a conqueror who, conquering Babylon, should allow the captive Jews to go home. He will come—Cyrus perhaps—and bring the year of Yahveh for which the Jews have so long been waiting, the year when Yahveh forgives, binds up the broken-hearted, looses the captives—but only the broken-hearted and captive Jews; for the very next verse says that the day of the vengeance of our God is at hand, and goes on to speak of the happiness in Zion (not in the world), when the Jews shall rebuild the waste cities, and in that day the Jew will no longer tend the stranger's flocks, but the stranger will have to tend his flocks.

"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

"*To appoint unto them that mourn in* Zion. . . .

"And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

"And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your ploughmen and your vine-dressers."

It is a chapter of the tables turned; it never dreams of binding up the whole world, only of binding up its own wounds, for it goes on to tell of how the Jews shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, "and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves."

Certainly, it is a mistake to cite that chapter as an example of a superior and universal tenderness on the part of Israel for the sufferings of the whole world. Whether Israel had that tenderness, whether her God was a patriot or a universal lover of mankind, is another question; all we wish to enforce here is a plea that classical scholars will make a better study of the Hebrew world, and Hebrew scholars of the Greek world; that both will be more careful of the dates of the writings of those worlds, and certainly more careful to sense the chapters as a whole before drawing general conclusions from separate verses. Given these conditions, we should await with eagerness the suggestion of your excellent critic for a comparison between the Greek and Hebrew genius.

I am, sir, yours, etc., E. F. H.

CAMBRIDGE, March 26, 1905.

A LETTER OF JOHN BRIGHT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find among my papers a private letter written to me while in London by the late Right Hon. John Bright, which, with the consent of his daughter, Mrs. Clark, and his sister, Mrs. Duncan Maclaren, I conclude to publish. MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NEW YORK, 22 EAST 10TH ST. March 24, 1905.

ONE ASH, ROCHDALE, April 9, '85.

MY DEAR MR. CONWAY:

I am very sensible of the kindness of your letter. It is not likely that I shall visit your country—I am too far on in life for such an adventure.

As to the main purport of your letter I could write much, but shall only write little. I left the Government nearly three years ago, giving up what men prize greatly, and separating myself from Mr. Gladstone with whom I had acted for many years. This was my protest against the bombardment of Alexandria. I retired from the Government, and abstained from any further open condemnation of my late colleagues. The outrage at Alexandria has been followed by other blunders and other crimes. I have looked on with grief and shame—but in public I have said nothing or almost nothing.

When war is on, there is little use in protesting or condemning—I discovered that thirty years ago, during the Crimean war. If I could have done anything, it could only have been done by the overthrow of the Government—and their successors must have been those whose policy was and is worse than that of those they followed—a policy which, if insisted upon, would probably have involved a war with France. Viewing all the circumstances of the case, I have thought it was right for me to be silent. My position in regard to this unhappy business is peculiar, and I must follow such light as I have. I could not speak upon it without the use of language such as I am not willing to utter when dealing with the mistakes of my late colleagues, and of my personal friends. My language and purpose would be misunderstood, and wrong motives would be attributed to me. One member of the Government is my colleague in the representation of Birmingham; it would be painful for me to discuss the question before our Constituency, and I have spoken on other topics—partly on Foreign policy, but without direct reference to the Egyptian muddle.

You speak of the good people you know who ask why I am silent. I cannot now give them an answer—if they could trust me in so great a question, perhaps they will trust me even though I am silent when they would expect me to speak. If I have any influence with the Government it has not been withheld, but I have not appeared in public as their accuser. I believe, looking to the home interests of the Country, and to its foreign interests also, I have done what was my duty in this difficult case. We want a thorough change in our notions of foreign policy—when it will come I know not—perhaps some great catastrophe is approaching. I sometimes suspect it. Earthquakes come without noise of footstep. Europe is nearly ready for one, and its nations, we amongst them, may need a lesson.

Forgive this unsatisfactory reply to your very friendly letter. I feel sure you will not misunderstand me.

I am, very respectfully yours, JOHN BRIGHT.

MISS GUINEY'S FAITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to correct a slight error in your excellent review of Miss Guiney's book on Hurrell Froude? Miss Guiney is "an ardent Roman Catholic," but not a convert. She is of Irish descent on

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both sides; her parents were both Catholic; she was educated at a Sacred Heart convent, and has known no other faith.

Yours truly, M. G. M.

SCITUATE, MASS., March 22, 1905.

Notes.

The publication for the current year of the Selden Society will be the third volume of the 'Year-Books of Edward II.,' edited by Professor Maitland. The next in this series will be issued in 1906 as a bonus volume, or in 1907 in due course. The second volume of 'Borough Customals' is set down for 1906. The Society's secretary and treasurer in this country is Mr. Richard W. Hale, No. 60 State Street, Boston.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in April 'The Trial of Jesus,' by Giovanni Rosadi, and a biography of Browning by Charles Harold Herford.

An ambitious collection of proverbs of all nations — 'Spruchwörterbuch: Sammlung Deutscher und Fremden Sinnsprüche,' etc. —is in process of publication in Berlin in twenty monthly parts (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Its arrangement is alphabetical according to the leading word (German), and chronological as regards the examples, and classified when the material is superabundant. All foreign proverbs are both given textually and translated into German, and their source, when literary, indicated with as much precision as possible—even to the refinement, in the case of dramas, of mentioning the character in whose mouth the saying is placed.

The monumental critical reprint of Muratori's 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,' undertaken five years ago by the house of S. Lapi, Città di Castello (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), under the direction of G. Carducci and Vittorio Forini, is making steady progress. To the twenty-nine volumes projected will be added a series, beginning with volume xxx., of historical sources unknown to Muratori or which he was unable to include in his collection. What gives the edition a special superiority, apart from the improved texts, is the indexes supplied to every volume. No library can err in subscribing to this enterprise, which cannot, by the way, be shared piecemeal.

The fifth edition of Oscar Fay Adams's 'Dictionary of American Authors' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is extended by a supplement more than equal to a quarter of the main work. So far as this portion embraces the names of living authors, it invites comparison with 'Who's Who in America.' We have examined the letter A, and find nine entries in Adams not in the other directory, but they are mainly unimportant. Prof. W. J. Ashley is no longer constructively an American author, having gone back to England for good. Slight differences of spelling occur under Albee (Mrs. Helen Ricker [Rickey]) and Alexander (James Waddel [Waddell]), Mr. Adams being certainly right in the latter case. For the rest, he does not pretend to such bibliographical fulness as 'Who's Who,' nor to indicate date of publication, at least regularly.

There are no more beautiful villages in England than those which nestle in the Cotswolds. Whether in Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, or Worcestershire, it is among the low hills and fertile valleys of the Cotswolds that one finds the most picturesque farmhouses, of gray stone, mainly in the Jacobean style, the prettiest gardens, the greatest variety of wild flowers. Tourist-ridden Devonshire cannot compete with this region. In his 'Broadway' (E. P. Dutton), Mr. Algernon Gissing, brother of the novelist, undertakes to write a description of one of the finest of the Cotswolds villages. Since Mr. Abbey, the painter, had his studio there, and especially since Miss Mary Anderson, after she became Madame Navarro, settled in its main street, Broadway has been much frequented by Americans. For some weeks of the summer it has its American season, when the prices of lodgings and of old furniture in the small curiosity shops soar to giddy heights. But nothing can spoil Broadway. It is too far from a station to be known to the mere tripper, and the natives are fully conscious that to modernize its picturesqueness would be to ruin their market. Of this modern vogue of Broadway, of the literary and artistic celebrities who have transformed it into a sort of English Barbizon, Mr. Gissing gives not the slightest hint. His little book is strictly topographical, and he is plainly more interested in the setting of the village, the neighboring roads and the rolling country, the flowers, and birds, than in the actual houses which mark its history. The illustrations, by Mr. New, are of the decorative kind; that is to say, they are severe in outline, scorn detail, and make one wonder whether a good photograph would not be more effective and more generous to Broadway.

'Evesham' (E. P. Dutton), written as well as illustrated by Mr. E. H. New, belongs to the same series of Temple topographies. In this volume thorough justice is done to the buildings of a charming little Worcestershire town, with its two parish churches elbowing one another in the same yard, the single long thoroughfare, the river that encloses the town on three sides, the beautiful houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Vale of Evesham is one of the most fertile in England, a great market garden full of fruit trees, but saved from monotony by its setting of hills. King Charles shed tears over the loss of "strong-garrisoned Evesham," and the battle that was fought there was the single adventure of this quiet little country town, which is happy in escaping the railway, and thus preserving to a great extent its picturesque character.

Apropos of our recent notice of Creswell's 'Quantock Hills,' we may call attention to an interesting article on 'Wordsworth in Somerset,' in the February *Temple Bar*. Wholly in accord with our note, the writer, Ellen Hallam Moorhouse, emphasizes the need of considering Wordsworth's development more narrowly during his stay at Alfoxen, and his earlier, unclouded friendship with Coleridge. Her treatment is naturally somewhat popular; there is room for a searching dissertation on the subject. Perhaps M. Joseph Aynard, who has a doctoral thesis on Coleridge under way at Paris, will have something original to tell about the relations of the two poets in the first days of the 'Lyrical Ballads.' At present the bibliography on this part of their lives is not extensive. For those who may be interested, we add references to *Macmillan's Magazine* (vol. 46, p. 413), *Athenæum* (1893, I., p. 765, and 1896, I., p. 413). Nichol's 'The Quantocks and their Associations,' better known, perhaps, is not very satisfactory. Of course the main authorities are Mrs. Henry Sanford's 'Thomas Poole and his Friends' and Professor Legouis's 'Early Life of William Wordsworth.'

The quality of the reproductions in "Newnes's Art Library" (New York: Frederick Warne & Co.) is improving, to judge by the two latest issues, devoted to Van Dyck and G. F. Watts, though it has not yet attained a very high standard. As drawings are easier to reproduce properly than paintings, the result achieved in two books from the same publisher, but imported by the Scribners, is more satisfactory. They are similar in scope and manner to the "Art Library," but have a larger page and give us a number of the drawings of Dürer and of Burne-Jones in acceptable shape. A volume of Holbein's drawings is announced, and the field is so large and so fascinating that many more volumes of 'Drawings of the Great Masters' should follow these, and be sure of a welcome. What would not Dürer himself have given for such collections of the work of the masters as modern reproductions can place, for a few dollars, in the hands of every student?

The Langham Series of Art Monographs has already received notice in these columns in connection with the little book on Nuremberg. We have now the volume, by Selwyn Brinton, M.A., on 'The Eighteenth Century in English Caricature.' A most inadequate little colored print serves as frontispiece, and two, no better, are in the volume, but the dozen of black-and-white reproductions are sufficiently successful. These are taken from Hogarth, Bunbury, Gillray, and Rowlandson; much the greater part from the last named. It seems like an odd straining of a well-understood term to apply "caricature" to such pieces as Hogarth's "Distrest Poet" or the famous morning-scene from "*Mariage à la Mode.*" That is not caricature; and yet there is no other title ready for the treatise which Mr. Brinton had in hand. Satirical and humorous representation and artistic record come to be classed under caricature, ill as that expression fits them. Rowlandson's drawings are caricatures—there is no doubt about that; and the selection here given will be thought sufficiently wide in its scope, unless, indeed, the student were to ask for some slight reminder that Rowlandson's work was not always hideous in its result. The text is very intelligent, showing much insight and a large sympathy with humorous design in all its forms. The chapter entitled "The Comedy of Vice" is very delicately touched, and that devoted to politics, being rather historical than critical, still tells the reader what he wants to know. The author pretends to no very elaborate range or minute study of the costume or surroundings of any particular epoch, but what is evident in the illustrations is intelligently discussed.

'Golden Chopsticks, and Other Japanese Children's Songs,' by Mrs. Maude Madden, an American lady in Sendai, Japan, is a praiseworthy attempt to render a few of the hundreds of known lullaby songs of mothers and nurses in "the Paradise of Babies" into English rhyme. Mr. Watanabe, an artist in this northern Nippon city, has illustrated

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the attractive book of thirty pages, which contains musical scores in our notation, Japanese text, and a page or two of notes in English. Mr. Manjiro Takeda of Sendai is the publisher (price, postpaid, one dollar). It is a courageous attempt to put into so alien a speech as ours these nursery rhymes and delightful nonsense, both in many cases centuries old, though a few are modern kindergarten ditties. We recognize "The Song of the Nightingale," "The Monkey and the Moon," and "Urashima" as long-time favorites. The "Buddhist Children's Chant" recalls the priests and images of Jizo and Kuanon, which incarnate the ideas of pity and mercy. The onomatopoetic element is large, and the practical experience of a mother in the nursery has combined with the resources of the *ama's* memory in this creditable piece of work. From experience with the piano, we can declare most of the melodies reproducible with our own young folks.

The significant features of the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1903-04, as displayed in its eighteenth volume, have been already commented on for our readers. We need only recall President Adams's paper on Queen Victoria and the Civil War, Mr. Worthington Ford's editing of Hamilton's Notes of Debates in the Federal Convention, and Col. Livermore on the Numbers in the Confederate Army. The memorial sketches embrace a number of useful, some eminent, citizens, and among these we remark one as admirable as it is belated of Edmund Quincy, by his kinsman, Josiah Phillips Quincy. Portraits accompany each sketch, and there is another—the frontispiece—of the youthful Edward Everett, in virtue of his autobiography in two fragments pieced together and eked out by his son, Dr. William Everett. The future editor of the *North American Review*, President of Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, and Minister to St. James's, going abroad in 1815 to prepare himself for his Greek professorship at his alma mater, was in London when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and in the winter of 1818 visited the mother of Napoleon and others of the family resident in Rome. Lafayette, Byron, Scott, and Humboldt were also seen familiarly, and, strangest of all, he carried a letter of introduction from Byron to Ali Pasha at Yanina.

Of the forthcoming Proceedings we have an agreeable foretaste in some remarks by Dr. Samuel A. Green made last January concerning John Foster, the earliest engraver in New England. Foster was a native of Dorchester and a Harvard graduate, and passed from engraving to printing as his craft. His cut of Richard Mather in 1669 heads the list, and he probably engraved the first map published in America—of New England namely. He also executed something like an Indian horn-book for the Apostle Eliot. His gravestones are still standing, and his will, preserved in his own hand, refers to "carueing tools," no doubt his gravers.

The earliest painter and organ-builder in America was, according to the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for April, a Swede, Gustavus Hesselius, who accompanied an elder brother to this country in 1711, landing in Wilmington, and living first in Maryland and afterwards in Philadelphia. His portrait and his wife's are now owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and are reproduced in the magazine.

Worthy of mention is a Bibliography of the Massachusetts House Journals, 1715-1776, compiled by Mr. W. C. Ford for the Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Mr. Ford has pieced together a complete file, and indicates the several libraries where the component parts may be found.

We have received from the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh parts 2, 3, 4, of its Classified Catalogue, part 1 being reserved for issue in a complete volume. These are issued at a very moderate price—15, 25, and 50 cents postpaid—and deal with Philosophy, Religion, Social Science and Philology, and Natural Science and Useful Arts respectively. Search for any particular work is facilitated by author-indexes.

We welcome the up-to-date Poole, issued monthly at 298 Broadway, the so-called *Library Index*, for the first quarter of the present year. It is a key to periodicals, of course, with author and subject titles, and distinction of current fiction by the use of italic type; but, furthermore, there is an index to dates of the principal events in the next preceding month, which will be of great service, and a list of leading publications of the month suggested for library purchase (with brief appreciations). Finally, many of the periodicals indexed advertise regularly their table of contents. This enterprise will be summed up in an annual supplement to the "Abridged Poole."

The Announcements of the Western Reserve University Library School for 1905-1906 contain for the first time detailed statements of the senior-year courses. While the studies of the junior year for the most part are of a practical nature, planned to lay a solid foundation of technical knowledge, either for immediate work of a subordinate character or as a basis for further study, those of the second year are more theoretical, and, as far as one may judge from the outline, advanced in reality as well as in name. The courses are presented in a more systematic form than in last year's Announcement, being arranged under the heads of Bibliographic Courses, Technical Courses, Administration, and Miscellaneous. The classification is on the whole satisfactory from a scientific as well as from a scholastic point of view, though it might be remarked that History of the Transmission of Learning, History of the Printed Book, and History of Education are not Library History; nor does the historical group fit in well under Administration, between the general subject of Library Organization and Administration and the minor one of Work with Children; it would seem that the Historical courses might deserve a more independent place in the curriculum.

The opening article of the *National Geographic Magazine* for March is upon the characteristics of the Japanese people, by Baron Kaneko, in which he maintains that his countrymen are not simply a race of imitators. Their faculty for imitation first, then of adaptation, and finally of origination he illustrates in their language, literature, religion, and government. He closes with the statement "that our national ambition is, by engrafting the Western culture and science upon our own institutions, to blend together and assimilate the two types of civilization—Oriental and Occidental—and by doing so to bring forth a new type of civilization, in which the culture and science of the two hemispheres will meet, not in conflict, but in harmony, so as to enable us to share the inheritance of Christian religion, Oriental philosophy, Greek art, Roman law, and modern science." The relation of the geographic names to the history of our country is shown by Mr. R. H. Whitbeck, in which he calls attention to the widespread preservation of the Indian names for lakes and streams, but not for mountains, bays, or islands. Mr. S. Paige describes life at Fairbanks, the centre of the Tanana gold fields, Alaska, and there is an illustrated sketch of the Government irrigation work in the West. A fund of $30,000,000 from the sale of public lands has accumulated during the last three and a half years, and work has begun in eight States which will result in making gardens of nearly one million acres. Dr. E. E. Hale contributes a characteristic note on his story 'The Man without a Country,' saying that he intended in his opening paragraph to place the wreck of the *Levant* on a spot high on the Andes. A proof-reader, probably thinking it an inaccuracy, changed the longitude to nearly that of the Marquesas Islands.

On February 4 the distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Edward William West, died at Watford, England, in the eighty-first year of his age. He completed his studies nearly half a century ago in India under the direction of Martin Haug, then superintendent of the Sanskrit Department in the Government College at Puna, and afterwards lived several years in Munich, Bavaria, where, in recognition of his scholarly achievements, the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Ph.D. He was especially eminent for his thorough knowledge of the Pahlavi language and literature, from which he translated the 'Bundahish,' 'Bahman-Yasht,' and other important Parsi scriptures for Max Müller's 'Sacred Books of the East.' After the death in 1876 of Martin Haug, who had been called to the newly established professorship of Sanskrit and comparative philology in the University of Munich in 1868, Dr. West brought out a third, greatly enlarged and thoroughly revised, edition of his 'Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Parsis' (London: Trübner, 1884), with a biographical memoir of the author by Prof. E. P. Evans, also a pupil of Haug. On the first appearance of this work at Bombay in 1862, Max Müller wrote: "It is a volume of only three hundred and sixty-eight pages, and sells in England for one guinea. Nevertheless, to the student of Zend it is one of the cheapest books ever published." Dr. West possessed a frank and kindly nature, and was as remarkable for his modesty as for his learning.

A correspondent raises a question regarding the omission of John Quincy Adams, Hamilton Fish and William H. Seward from the list of Cabinet officers whose services equalled that of the present Secretary Wilson, published in the *Nation* of March 16. Seward did serve as long as Gideon Welles, whose case we cited. But Hamilton Fish, who was appointed Secretary of State on March 11, 1869, lacked just a week of eight years. As for Mr. Adams, who was Monroe's Secretary of State, the Biographical

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Congressional Directory shows an entry, "Richard Rush of Pennsylvania (Attorney-General) *ad interim*, March 10, 1817," thus interrupting his service. Our correspondent cites Daniel Webster as another example of a Cabinet officer three times appointed, yet if his retention by President Tyler is counted as one, President Roosevelt's similar action should also be counted, thus giving Mr. Wilson the unique honor of having been four times appointed to the same Cabinet office.

—The hundredth number, completing the twenty-fifth volume, of the *American Journal of Philology*, has just appeared. In a retrospect the distinguished editor, Professor Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins University, talks frankly to his hearers, "closing the twenty-fifth volume," as he says, "in cheerier mood" than he opened the first. In the conduct of the *Journal* he has had no associate, and every number has received his personal care. The project of such a periodical was indeed in the air a quarter of a century ago, and others might have undertaken the work if Dr. Gildersleeve had not, but now all scholars agree that under no other editor would the *Journal* have been so creditable to America. To say that he is beyond the ordinary philologist's praise for breadth and accuracy of scholarship, is to state only a part of his qualifications for editorial work. His watchfulness and critical acumen have made him dreaded as well as admired. At times he smiles at his oversights in proof-reading, but he has detected far more slips in the work of others than any have found in his publications. It is curious that his chief reputation and so much of his work should be in the field of syntax, while his essays, and little touches on every page in his most technical publications, show him to have a very marked and picturesque style of his own. But indeed no other scholar has done so much to show the necessity of a careful study of syntax for the proper understanding of a classical writer's style.

—The *American Journal of Philology* has had more rivals than it expected. Dr. Gildersleeve enumerates the *American Journal of Archæology*, *Modern Language Notes*, *Hebraica*, the *Classical Review*, and the "long line of Studies and Bulletins, stretching now from Massachusetts Bay to the Golden Gate," as having entered the field for which the Transactions of the Oriental Society and of the Philological Association were the sole publications before the founding of the *American Journal of Philology*. Naturally, contributors as well as subscribers have been drawn from the more general to the more special publications. The philologists of the leading universities have not made to the *Journal* as many contributions as might have been expected. But it has not suffered for lack of good material, and it continues to be the one national periodical which covers the whole field of philology. While it is devoted principally to classical philology, it has enough papers on themes connected with work in Sanskrit, linguistics, and all modern languages and literatures, to stimulate the reader who is laboring in a neighboring department, and to acquaint him with the trend of modern discussions. The book-reviews and reports of periodicals, and the bibliography, are useful, and often excellent. Every reader turns first to the "Brief Mention," in which the editor speaks familiarly and entertainingly on philological topics. The chief complaint that American scholars bring against the *Journal* is that its care has kept its editor from publishing work of his own, which has been indefinitely postponed, but which we still hope may be given to the world. Dr. Gildersleeve, however, says that as to this he has no regrets. "I should doubtless have had more books to my credit or discredit, as the case may be, and I have had to renounce a number of projects that were near to my heart. But I do not know that I could have employed my time better."

—Dr. Josiah Strong introduces to the readers of the *Century* the Prince of the Veis, Momolu Massaquoi, of Ghendimah, West Africa, who makes a strong plea to Christendom to be let alone in the attempt to develop an independent African civilization among his people, on a Christian basis. The Prince was for a time a student in an American college, but returned to Africa to take the throne upon the death of his mother. A few years later he represented his people as a member of the Parliament of Religions and the Ethnological Congress during the Chicago Exposition. His plea, in brief, is simply to have a free hand to introduce among his people such of the blessings of civilization as they can assimilate without having its vices forced upon them by outside pressure at the same time. His country comes within the British protectorate of Sierra Leone. Such an appeal forms an excellent test of the sincerity of the claim that the Anglo-Saxon race enters such lands primarily on a benevolent mission. Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press tells of the reorganization which has been effected since the Spanish-American war in the method of securing and transmitting news from France, Germany, and Italy—not very successfully for the peninsula, we must remark. Other articles by Mr. Stone are to follow, the next on abolition of the Russian censorship on foreign news. The experiences of the American nurses who went to Japan are related by their leader, Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee. In her opinion the recent rapid advance in Japanese civilization resembles an attempt to walk vigorously with one foot while the opposite limb is heavily bandaged. The men are trying to get forward, while the women are lagging behind.

—The great variety of country life in England is admirably set forth in 'Pages from a Country Diary,' by Percival Somers (London: Edwin Arnold; New York: Longmans). It is the journal, for a year, of an English country gentleman who does a little of everything that one can do in the charming counties and shires which lie to the south of London, even though one is not the owner of a great estate. A mere record of hunting, shooting, and fishing can be made interesting enough even when it appeals chiefly to the sportsman. Mr. Somers, however, pursues his sports not without philosophy; and the pages of his diary reflect the life of the country people and the eccentricities of his friends more often than the excitements of the chase. Still, there is hardly an English sport in which, in the course of the year, he does not take part. He has a good deal to say about the various sorts of rough shooting that he enjoys in all parts of England, but his heart is in fishing. He tells amusing tales of sundry country-house visits paid with his wife, Belinda, and there is a verisimilitude about these descriptions which the modern novelist of Mrs. Humphry Ward's pattern usually fails to achieve. His indictment of the food offered to the traveller in the hotels of English country-towns will be echoed by many an American who has explored cathedrals and made pilgrimages to the homes of authors on the most shocking diet that was ever devised, and at the most ruinous prices. One would think that the "motor-car" which you may now meet in every English lane would have introduced some improvements in provincial English food; but one has only to remember the stale and chilly provender that one has to face at every English railway "refreshment room" to realize that the Englishman travelling in England cares not what else he eats if only he can secure cold beef and mustard. One little touch we cannot omit. Once Mr. Somers encounters an American of what we may call the travelling class. This was a lady bicyclist, "a professor or teacher at a great American scholastic establishment for women. She was about twenty-three, had for years cast off parental control; and her curiously fashioned bicycling costume, the blue veil that protected her complexion, her nickel-plated courier's wallet, and her absurdly pointed shoes, sufficiently marked her nationality." She remarked, "through her charming little nose," "Waal, ef you caynt mend your machine, I guess I'll hev to mend it for you," which we are proud to say she did. When they parted, she electrified Mr. Somers by producing her card; on which he remarks: "Fancy an English school-teacher with a visiting-card!" In that ejaculation you may measure the Englishman's view of the dignity of the educational profession. There are a few excellent illustrations of English scenery in the book, and it can be confidently recommended to all who care for records of outdoor life flavored with the philosophy of a genial observer of men and animals.

—A useful book that seems to have escaped due notice as yet in this country is Mr. Basil Worsfold's edition of 'The Prelude,' in the King's Poets series (London: The De La More Press, 1904). Though the definitive edition of this poem has still to appear, Mr. Worsfold's is altogether the best thus far, since it brings together in compressed form practically all that is worth while in previous annotations, and also adds new material of considerable interest, such as the indications (pp. 381-383) of Wordsworth's familiarity with the writings of Gibbon. Nevertheless, it is observable that the editor has not followed his poet to any great depth in reading either the history or the geography current about the year 1800 or earlier. Wordsworth's serious study of travel literature and the like is, indeed, a matter that has not been fully grasped by his editors hitherto, though it bears directly on the composition of his *magnum opus*. Mr. Nowell Smith, who belongs to the future, being now engaged in tracing unidentified allusions throughout the poet's entire works, should not blink a large number of direct and indirect references to the travels of Hearne, Bartram, Carver, Bruce, and others, many of which

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are to be found in 'The Prelude' and 'The Excursion.' In the way of more positive criticism, we may question the advantage of quoting (p. 387) from the French of M. Legouis's 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' when Mr. Worsfold knows (p. 421) of an excellent translation in English. Objection may be raised also to the opinion (p. 392) that the poet's "mental development on the lines of creative literature would have been stunted [at Cambridge] by close study in a branch of human knowledge so rigid in its processes of thought as mathematics." Mr. Worsfold is seemingly unaware of Wordsworth's later application to mathematics, about the time when 'The Prelude' was incipient. He should bethink himself of the rigorous processes of thought hinted at in the 'Ode to Duty' and the sonnet commencing "Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room." He should also reflect on the nature of some of the studies of Plato, Dante, and Milton, before cherishing too warmly any belief so foreign to the genius of Wordsworth as that the imagination of pure science, however "rigid," is at all inimical to poetry.

—A rather laborious piece of archæological work in a small field has been well performed by Miss Caroline Ransom in her 'Couches and Beds of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans' (University of Chicago Press). Her investigation, in so far as it is original, depends upon an examination of monumental sources; from the literary she draws little, and that out of the usual handbooks. The volume, a fine quarto, is beautifully illustrated by many full-page plates and cuts, and the text shows evidence of a scholarly study of them, and, what is almost better, the application of much common sense. It is, for instance, laudable that Miss Ransom recognizes what so many have ignored, that wall paintings of Roman times cannot be taken as evidence for contemporary things, and that the shortness of the beds on Greek vases and in other forms of art is apt to be a mere arbitrary convention. Her enterprise in causing a furniture factory in Chicago to make a large working drawing from the odd-looking couch on a certain Greek vase is likewise commendable. The drawing clearly shows that the design on the vase is no mere artist's dream, but structurally practicable. We miss, however, any distinct statement of what Miss Ransom considers to have been the usual width of the dining couches on which the ancients reclined at meals, and this indeed is a common defect in the handbooks. The only instance in which Miss Ransom seems to have noted this point is in the case of a couch (wrongly restored as a seat), at Lyons, the width of which she gives as .98 cm. This seems almost impossibly narrow. The Boscoreale couch is 1.2 m. wide, and small enough at that. In any event, we may be thankful that the promiscuous custom of reclining at table, three on a couch, is a thing of the past. Modern dinner-parties are crowded enough, in all conscience. But the greater part of this book is devoted to considerations of materials, technique, and ornamentation, and here we have only to suggest that, on the necks of horses and mules which serve to support the couch head cushions, the collar which puzzles Miss Ransom seems to be about the same as that which appears on the mill-horses and mules in the two well-known Vatican reliefs.

A GERMAN VIEW OF ITALY.

Italy: A Popular Account of the Country, its People and its Institutions (including Malta and Sardinia). By Professor W. Deecke. With numerous maps and illustrations. Translated by H. A. Nesbitt, M. A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

This handsome volume contains an elaborate account of Italy, worked out with true German thoroughness by a German professor. It contains many illustrations, the subjects of which have been judiciously selected. It covers pretty nearly every aspect in which the land and its inhabitants can be regarded. Beginning with the boundaries of the country and the ancient attempts at geographical description, it proceeds to treat of the orography and general features of the surface, goes on to the geology and the climate, giving incidentally an account of the volcanic phenomena, and touching briefly on the animals and plants. The various elements of the population are then described, with a short sketch of the history, and a fuller account of products, trade and manufactures. Fifty pages are devoted to political institutions, including finance, internal communications, and education; fourteen pages to the Church, twenty-eight pages to art, language, and science. The rest of the book, about one hundred pages, is occupied by a topographical description of various parts of the peninsula and the adjoining isles. Sardinia comes properly into this description, as it belongs to Italy, both ethnologically, linguistically and politically. Corsica does not come in, though it is Italian in respect of history, and to a large extent of speech also, being no doubt omitted because it has for more than a century been attached to France. But with some inconsistency the isles of Malta and Gozo are included, though they have not had any political connection with Italy since the days of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who granted them to the Knights of St. John. From the latter, as every one knows, they passed to the English, who still hold this little group. Italian is no doubt largely spoken by the educated class in Malta, but the native Maltese tongue is a corrupt dialect of Arabic, and the people are in no sense Italians, whereas the Corsicans are much more Italian than French.

Taking the book as a whole, it is a careful and intelligent piece of work, clearly and simply written, and generally accurate. We have noted a certain number of errors in fact, but none of great importance, though there are some errors in nomenclature, and some mistakes in the accounts given of particular places. The translator has now and then used German forms of expression which surprise us. For instance, he calls Styria "Styria mark," an odd way of rendering into English the German "Steyermark"; he speaks of the "Ligurian-Celtish" language; he refers to the Terglou as "Triglaue," a name under which American readers will hardly recognize the striking peak which they see from Venice on a clear morning in the far northeastern horizon. "Triglav" is no doubt the local Slavonic word, but it would have been better to use the well-established name. (Apropos of mountains, we should like to know what authority the author has for repeatedly referring to Monte Amiata in Tuscany as a volcano. Its summit is a mass of conglomerate rock). Among other mistakes in nomenclature (some, no doubt, due to the printer) we may note "Trepani" for Trapani (on p. 71), "Molye" for Motye (p. 443), "Stymæan" for Elymæan (p.444). The renderings of German terms do not always convey the true meaning in English; *e. g.*, the reference to the "precipice" of Achradina on page 438, where "plateau" would have better described the nature of the ground; the term "pedestal" applied to the steep ridge on which Girgenti stands, and "cone" for the rocky hill of Enna, also a ridge, with precipitous sides and a flat tabular top, but by no means a cone.

A book which amounts to an encyclopædic description of Italy from so many points of view cannot easily be dealt with from all or even most of those points, so we must be content to refer to a few only. The topographical part is really something between a gazetteer and a guide-book, fit to be used for reference rather than to be read continuously. The descriptions it contains are generally correct—we have noted a few inaccuracies, but of no great moment, in the historical references; and the summary accounts of Sardinia and Malta are well done, dwelling upon the points of most importance. On the other hand, the sketch of Italian history is somewhat superficial and meagre, nor is it always correct in details. To talk of "the pretended Donation of Pepin" is to dismiss a difficult question in a cavalier and misleading way. The Emperor Conrad III. did not "abandon" Italy; the expression "Romisher [*sic*] Kaiser der Deutschen Nation" is a great deal later than the Emperor Otto I., to whom it is attributed; the Emperor Frederick II. obtained the crown with the aid and not (as stated in the text) against the opposition of the Pope. The municipal republics of the Middle Ages are dealt with in a cursory and unsatisfactory way, nor is the brief narrative of the movement for unity and independence since the Napoleonic domination of Italy at all adequate. Cavour is barely referred to; Mazzini is not even mentioned; nothing is said of the Roman Republic of 1849 and its suppression by the French.

The account of the natural resources and products of Italy, her manufactures, commerce, and agriculture, is, on the other hand, very well executed, bringing together in a compact form a great deal of useful information. Dr. Deecke's figures are often very instructive as regards the effects upon trade and upon the condition of the people of a protective tariff, for they show how much industry, including agriculture, suffers by the imposition of duties which impoverish the masses and check the introduction of improvements. But he does not seem himself to draw the appropriate conclusions, being apparently, though extremely intelligent and well informed, himself under the dominion of protectionist notions, like so many of his German countrymen. He passes a rather too unqualified censure upon the scheme of *mezzeria*, or, as it is called in France, the *métayer* system—

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that system in which there is a kind of partnership between landlord and tenant; the former giving the land, and the latter paying his rent in a share of the produce. The plan has its faults, but in some regions of Italy (as, for instance, in Romagna) we have seen it work in a fairly satisfactory way. And throughout this chapter the differences between the various parts of Italy are perhaps not quite sufficiently emphasized. As the historical antecedents of the provinces which belonged to the kingdom of Naples were more unfavorable even than those of the States of the Church, and the latter again worse than those of Tuscany or Lombardy or Piedmont, so both the economic and the moral conditions of Southern Italy and Sicily stand to-day far behind those of the northern half of the peninsula.

In the description of the government and politics of the country, our author, fond as he is of Italy, cannot conceal his Germanic distaste for forms which democracy has taken. His strictures on the selfishness and place-hunting and inconstancy and not infrequent corruption among the politicians are warranted by much that has happened during the last thirty years; but he scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the difficulties which the nation has had to encounter in the absence of all political experience and in the ignorance and superstition of the bulk of the population. He pronounces local government to be everywhere, except in some of the north Italian towns, tainted by intrigue and jobbery. It is, he declares, run by small cliques in their own interest, with no sense of responsibility to the community. The poor especially suffer, and to the discontent thus caused are due the occasional outbreaks of disorder in the southern provinces and Romagna. For this view there is too much foundation.

The chapter on Art, Language, and Science tells the ordinary reader pretty much what he will find in one of our popular cyclopædias, but very little more. As an historical review, it is superficial; as a presentation of recent achievements or present tendencies, it is incomplete. The survey of Italian philosophic literature does not mention Giambattista Vico; and, in reviewing the Italian science of to-day, nothing is said of the vigorous school of political economists which has recently arisen and which holds a respectable place among European students of this subject. Dr. Deecke's criticisms of modern Italian architecture, with its dull and yet pretentious monotony; of modern Italian sculpture, with its want of repose and dignity; of modern Italian painting, with its garish color and tendency towards sensationalism, are all of them justified. They are indeed quite familiar to those who know the streets, the interiors of public buildings, and the exhibitions of the country. He does not, however, although his work is historical as well as descriptive, attempt to account for these faults. To some extent, faults, similar if not quite the same, appear in the recent art of Germany and of England. But the phenomenon strikes one more in Italy, because the nation is one which has received from nature, as its achievements in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries prove, an exceptionally strong taste and talent for artistic production; and because the old susceptibility to sense impressions and to beauty is still evident, and indeed active, in the people. No peasantry in Europe makes upon the traveller who wanders alone among them the impression of so quick and so fine an intelligence as the Italian villagers possess. With all their slovenliness and the dirt they are willing to live in, they have a feeling for beauty and elegance. Why, then, is creative artistic talent at so low an ebb? This is a question which Dr. Deecke does not attempt to answer. Perhaps we ought not to expect an answer from him, for his treatise does not profess to be a philosophical inquiry, but only a description of actual facts; and, though he indicates the sources of political weakness in Italy, he is not bound to attempt the more difficult task of social and moral analysis.

Italy remains the most interesting of all European countries, not only by her art, but by her history and by her scenery. Nowhere else is there either so much natural beauty, or so many associations of nature with great events and remarkable persons. There is hardly a city (especially, of course, in Northern and Middle Italy and in Sicily) which has not got something of interest to show, be it a church or a castle or a palace or a picture or the arch of a Roman bridge. So much has happened in the long ages since history began to trace the struggles of Greeks and Latins, of Etruscans and Oscans and Gauls, that every few miles one passes a spot whose name suggests some well-remembered incident. Hence perhaps the interest which all civilized nations are obliged to take in the fortunes of Italy. She is a sort of second fatherland to every educated mind. It is the more natural that we should desire to see her free, prosperous, and happy because she excites no alarm in any other nation, having still so much leeway to make up that she cannot be formidable even to her nearest neighbors, much less to nations lying far away. Forty-five years have now passed since she became one State under the House of Savoy, and thirty-five since her capital was planted at Rome. The progress made in those years has been less than her friends in other countries had hoped for, and certainly less than her people themselves expected. There is still great economic depression in many rural districts, still great poverty and some discontent among the industrial workers. Politics are not on a high plane, and the generation to which Cavour, Mazzini, Manin, D'Azeglio, Aurelio Saffi, and Garibaldi belonged, or even that somewhat later generation which included Ricasoli and Minghetti and Terenzio Mamiani, is remembered as a race of heroes to whom no equals are found in the public life of to-day. Nevertheless, the prospects are on the whole encouraging. The finances of the country are better than they were some years ago, and taxation, though very heavy, does not threaten a further rise. Order has been established almost everywhere; it is only in Sicily and Sardinia that acts of brigandage, now quite exceptional, occur. Education makes rapid progress Moreover, the population has three remarkable elements of strength. It is prolific, showing an increase which enables it to send out a vast body of emigrants, many of whom might no doubt, under better administration, be kept in the country to develop the thinly peopled districts. It is industrious, for though one sees many lazy folk in the streets of Naples or Palermo, one sees also abundant proof of strenuous toil among the rural peasantry and among the operatives of the North. And, thirdly, it is (as already observed) highly intelligent, capable of excelling in all occupations that need skill and taste. There is therefore no reason to be despondent about the future of Italy; nor can she be fairly judged by some of the immigrants whom she sends to the United States. When one considers how serious and long-continued was the misgovernment from which two-thirds of the peninsula suffered down till 1859, and what economic and moral evils that misgovernment left behind it, one feels that the right way to judge her is not by a comparison with Germany, France, and England, but by noting how much better things are now than they were a century ago, when the dawn of a freer life was just beginning to break.

The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer and Others: Being a Reproduction in Facsimile of the First Collected Edition (1532) from the Copy in the British Museum. With an Introduction by Walter W. Skeat, [etc.]. Oxford University Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

It is a far cry from Dryden's modernizations of Chaucer to the text now before us, but the process of restitution has been gradual and regular. In the seventeenth century, Chaucer's language was regarded as obsolete, his narrative as archaic, his verse as crippled, his reputation as departing. Kinaston, turning the "Troilus" into Latin in 1635, was praised for his "noble adventure" in translating a book "not tractable to every hand"; Waller deplored the lost glory of Chaucer's numbers, of which the sense alone remained; and Dryden, with genuine interest and affection prompting his efforts, won his contemporaries to approve of the substance of Chaucer only by spicing and dressing it to their taste. The eighteenth century goes two steps further: Urry's edition of 1721, barbarous as it is, starts from the assumption that Chaucer's verse was good if freed from the errors of the manuscripts; and the editions of Morell and of Tyrwhitt bring scholarship to the stage of endeavoring to find, by comparison of the manuscripts, what Chaucer actually wrote. Looking back at Tyrwhitt through the perspective of a century and a quarter, we recognize, whatever quarrel we have with his patchwork textual methods, that no saner or sounder scholar has yet essayed to interpret Chaucer to us, and, moreover, that no edition of the poet has since been offered us which marks an advance beyond Tyrwhitt's text so great that we can afford to disregard him. Materials for such an edition the nineteenth century accumulated in masses after the founding of the Chaucer Society by Furnivall in 1868. The text of Chaucer had been modernized to save it from oblivion; it had been respelled and revised to rescue it from undeserved censure; it had been edited from the manuscripts to demonstrate to the ear what it really was; and it was now printed diplomatically to prove to the eye how far all editions departed from the manuscripts. One more step remained, and we are taking it. A facsimile of the 1532 Chaucer lies before us; a facsimile of Caxton's print of Chaucer's "Anelida" is in

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press; and a movement is on foot to reproduce in photogravure more of the manuscripts and early or scarce prints lying in foreign libraries beyond the reach of that increasing number of students whom no edition, however painstaking, can satisfy. This movement may or may not include further Chauceriana, but it is a reflection of the new spirit abroad, which Furnivall aroused—the desire for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The scholarly may indeed ask, while looking at the noble facsimile before us, Why have the Delegates of the Oxford University Press thought it necessary to send out this work with so detailed and academic an introduction? What occasion is there for forcing into the same cover with the photographed pages a large-type reiteration of what we can all read in the notes and introductions to Professor Skeat's various textbooks and in his 'Chaucer Canon'? Without imitating the seventeenth-century lexicographers who always quoted Chaucer in blackletter, one may still prefer, when buying such a facsimile as this, to draw his profit and pleasure from pages undisturbed by echoes of the classroom, by that note of jocularity with which the way is beguiled for the drowsy or indifferent student, or by the exclamation-points, the "startling," "absurd," "comic," etc., with which Professor Skeat is wont, Prospero-like, to stimulate inattentive Mirandas.

Another and a less debatable supplement to Chaucer within these covers is the list of subscribers. One thousand copies of the facsimile have been printed, while the subscription-list comprises two hundred and fifty names or more. Some thirty-five of these are bookdealers, American and foreign, to whom the work is doubtless an investment. About twenty copies, judging from this list alone, come to America; and of these, two go to Boston, one to New York, three to Chicago, one to the Congressional Library, to Cornell, to Harvard, to the Peabody Institute at Baltimore, to Williams College, to Syracuse University, and to the State Universities of Iowa, Kansas, and Michigan. The positive evidence of this list and the negative are almost equally interesting—more interesting in the case of a Chaucer reprint than in that of the Shakspere First Folio—for a purchase of the Chaucer probably bespeaks an actual desire, while the Shakspere might be bought in folio on a principle similar to that which sometimes prompts the purchase in octavo, viz., that no gentlemanly University should be without it. Were it not that nothing can lie like figures, we should be tempted to infer that the Chaucerian interests of the Mississippi Valley were quite as keen as those of the New England States, and that the course of Chaucerian empire had not yet crossed the Rocky Mountains.

Upon the text itself no comment is necessary. The choice of this particular Chaucer, however, is a matter upon which some remark does not come amiss. Previous to 1532 there had been issues of various portions of Chaucer's works. Caxton printed the "Canterbury Tales" twice, and printed also, separately, several of the shorter poems, the translation of "Boethius," and the "Troilus and Cressida." His successors printed the "Canterbury Tales" a number of times, and in 1526 Richard Pynson issued a three-part work which included the "Canterbury Tales," the "Troilus," the "Parlement of Foules," the "House of Fame," and some poems not by Chaucer. The folio of 1532, compiled by William Thynne, clerk of the kitchen to Henry VIII., a man of means and an ardent admirer of Chaucer, was the first collection which claimed on its title-page to be the Works of Geoffrey Chaucer; and this it is which is here reproduced. As the First Folio, it possesses great bibliographical interest for us; as the fountain-head of the long current of corruption, textual, canonical, and biographical, which meandered through the two following centuries, it is also of moment. Five of its Chaucerian poems have been printed by the Chaucer Society; and of the many non-Chaucerian texts which Thynne included in the collection, some twelve have been used by Professor Skeat as basis for editing. It may be suggestive to advocates of facsimiles to learn that a comparison of this "Legend of Good Women" text with the Chaucer Society's diplomatic print shows, in the Prologue, five slight errors.

The work is much less expensive than was the Shakspere First Folio. With the duty, the volume costs the American subscriber about thirty-two dollars; the non-subscriber may procure it at the Oxford Press's New York branch by paying the fifty dollars at which the facsimile is priced in their circular. It is to be hoped that this publication marks a beginning, and that, along with the thoroughgoing revision of the chronology of Chaucer's works now approaching, the next generation of scholars will see their duty in the accumulation of such evidence as this, rather than in editing. The enormous labors of Dr. Furnivall have offered to every worker who can reach the Parallel-Texts the chance of assisting in uncovering the real Chaucer; but we have as yet in print only about one-eighth of the material for the "Canterbury Tales," to leave other needs unmentioned.

The Tragedies of Seneca. Rendered into English Verse by Ella Isabel Harris, Ph.D., Yale. H. Frowde. 1904.

As dramatic literature, these tragedies are by many competent judges deemed little better than rhetorical trash. They are perhaps the worst extant specimen of ancient belles-lettres, and probably owe their survival solely to Seneca's great reputation as a philosopher. He must be indeed an incorrigible lover of fustian who would wish to make, or read, a translation of them for their own sake; but Miss Harris justifies her work by the "constant allusion to the influence of Seneca upon the development of English tragedy." This seems a sufficient reason, and also justifies the acceptance of the certainly unauthentic "Octavia" and of the dubious "Hercules Œtæus" as part of Seneca's work, since they were doubtless so regarded by our early tragics. If the translator has chosen to put these plays into English blank verse, no one has a right to complain; though we can see no very good reason for attempting to adumbrate their ancient metrical form. If, however, we grant that it may be useful to clothe these poor plays in the robes of their betters, in order to make their influence seem more plausible, we must differ from Miss Harris as to the use of the same verse in the choruses. If anything pertaining to form needs to be preserved in translating the ancient drama, it is the distinction between the lyrical parts and the dialogue. What would become of the lyrics interspersed in Shakspere's plays if they were reduced to the metre of the dialogue? Nor can we believe Miss Harris's poetic powers unequal, as she declares, to the task, had she rightly conceived it. It was not necessary to attempt any close imitation of the metres: any unrhymed metre longer or shorter than her blank verse would have sufficed to distinguish them. Her easy blank verse shows that she could have handled unrhymed lyrics of the Spanish type sufficiently well.

We must also differ from her judgment in the matter of annotation. She writes for those who have "inadequate command of Latin," and presumably of Greek. It seems unreasonable to expect such readers to understand the endless multitude of far-fetched, pretentious, and too often fatuous allusions to mythology with which these plays are crammed; and it is clear that without this understanding such a reader must fail to grasp at least one important feature of their influence.

The translation is very unequal. That it fails in its purpose we certainly should not say; but, while many long passages may bravely challenge any fair and generous criticism, there are others in which the translator has not attained her usual level. It has seemed fairer to comment on a few such connected passages than to take up scattered errors. We number the verses doubly, the second number always that of the translation.

In the "Mad Hercules," v. 6 (7), the original mentions Arctos (Ursa Major); the translation gives us Arcturus, quite another constellation (Bootes). In v. 8 (8), speaking of Taurus, *laxatur dies recenti vere* is rendered "the day grows long"; but *laxo* here more probably means "to open," for the ancient vernal equinox lay between Aries and Taurus, and there the sun rose at the beginning of spring. The ancients certainly knew that the days begin to lengthen several months earlier. In v. 9 (10) *per undas* is a pro-adjective qualifying *vector*. The bull that shines in heaven as the constellation Taurus was the carrier of Europa "through the waves." The translator gives this qualification to the verb "shines." In vv. 14, 15 (15, 16), *hinc Tyndaridæ micant, quibusque natis mobilis tellus stetit*, the translation refers *quibus* to the Tyndaridæ—"for birth of these the floating land stood still"—which the added *que* forbids. Moreover, there is no such myth about the birth of Castor and Pollux; the reference is to that of Apollo and Diana, for whose sake the floating island Ortygia was finally anchored. In v. 25 (29), when, for the begetting of Hercules, the night was prolonged, Phœbus delayed to shine on the Eastern sea (*Eoo mari*). This is rendered "lit the Western sky," though *Eous*, from the Greek name of the dawn, never could mean "western." The sun was late, but certainly did not rise in the west. In v. 48 (55) the word *opima* is translated "wealth," as if it were *opes*. *Opima* stands, of course, for *spolia opima*, the spoils taken by a commander in single combat from the leader of the enemy. In v. 70 (84) *mundus* is translated "world"; but Hercules never bore the world on his shoulders, which, indeed, the laws of mechanics would seem to forbid. When he relieved Atlas, it was the vault of heaven

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that he bore up. In v. 79 (95), if Miss Harris had remembered her Horace (Od. I., xv., 7, 8), she would not have translated *rumpere imperium Jovis* by "storm Jove's realm." The true meaning here is "dethrone." In v. 81 (97) Sicily is called *Doris tellus*, "that Dorian land," because it was colonized by Dorians; but from this to calling it "Doria," which is a part of Hellas, is a far cry.

Turning now to the "Medea," we find Medea in v. 3 invoking "Pallas, who taught the tamer of the seas [meaning Tiphys] to steer the *Argo*." This is based on the inferior reading *domitorem* in codex A. Now Tiphys was not yet the tamer of the sea, if he ever could be called so who did not live to complete the voyage. The better reading adopted by Leo, whose text is the basis of this version, is *domituram*, and applies to the ship, and not the pilot. In v. 12 (13) we read, "Persephone by better faith betrayed." How can one be *betrayed* by better faith, or by merely good faith? The original has *raptam*, "stolen" or "ravished." Pluto was faithful to her after he carried her off, while Jason, in like circumstances, betrayed Medea. In v. 40 (47, 48) "seek to find revenge through thine own bowels" (*viscera*) might, indeed, refer to Medea's murder of her own children; but *ipsa* does not mean "thy own," nor has Medea yet formed any purpose against her children. Not until verses 924, 925 (898, 899) does she decide on such a plan. The reference here is to the poisoned robe with which Jason's bride was to be destroyed when "the seeds of flame" were to "penetrate her very heart and veins." In v. 48 (54) *memoravi*, "I have rehearsed," is rendered, "I remember." What Medea really says is that her early crimes, which she has just *mentioned*, are mild in comparison with what she is about to do.

Again, in the "Phædra," v. 1156 (1212), "What fury animated thee and with what grief?" is a question not over-pregnant with meaning. The original has, "What madness incites thee moved with passion"? In v. 1158 (1214) the original pictures Phædra leaning over the corpse of Hippolytus and beating her breast (*planctus supra corpus invisum*). This picture is wholly lost in the translation, "Why beat thy bosom for such hated dead?" In v. 1161 (1217, 1218) the sea is called Tethys, the name of a marine goddess. After this it seems hardly the right thing to speak of "*its*" bosom. In v. 1164, 1165 (1221, 1222) the original makes Phædra address Theseus as "thou who didst never return, with safety to thine own," *i. e.*, "without peril or damage to thy kin," in allusion to the death of Ægeus and of Hippolytus. This is tamely and ambiguously turned into the statement "thou ne'er returnedst safely to thy home," which most readers would certainly take to mean that Theseus never got home safe. In verses 1166, 1167 (1224, 1225) the all-important word *coniugum*, which shows that Theseus brought death to his own through his love, or hatred, *of his wives* (love for Phædra and hatred of Ariadne), is entirely omitted, leaving the bare statement "through love or hate", which would naturally mean love or hate of his kindred. In v. 1169 (1227) the translation, "Did Sinis or Procrustes scatter thus thy members?" is an inept question from any point of view. The original has, "What Sinis or Procrustes, etc.," which is a not unnatural rhetorical question. In v. 1191 (1254) Phædra addresses Athens (Athenæ). The translation makes her address the goddess Athena. Lastly, in v. 1195 (1260), the powerful word *iacet*, "lies dead," is lost in the translation, "The youth is pure," though the idea might so easily have been at least suggested by saying, "This youth was pure."

Slips like these, even were they far more numerous than they are, would not seriously impair the usefulness of this work for those for whose benefit it was undertaken. It is no small affair to translate in verse some twelve thousand lines of such unnatural and stilted Latin as these plays are written in. We cannot wonder if the translator has sometimes nodded over her herculean task.

Thomas Moore. By Stephen Gwynn. (English Men of Letters Series.) The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Mr. John Morley's series continues to outgrow its title. It has already admitted three women and an American, and more than one Irishman besides Moore. But, in spite of his "Irish Melodies," and a sentimental interest in the fortunes of Ireland, Tom Moore was not a typical Irish poet. He was not one of those whom we picture setting their faces towards the west, turning their backs on the English oppressors, like Kathaleen Ny-Houlihan, the spirit of Ireland. One has only to remember Mangan, that despairing dreamer, the poet of "Dark Rosaleen," to realize that poets with the true Irish note wrote in Moore's own day the poetry of sorrow, haunted and grief-stricken:

> "In alien paths their tired feet bled;
> The laurel crowns that decked the head
> Were thorn-set underneath."

Irish poetry, even when written in English, expressed inevitably the griefs of exile, of famine, of oppression. We are not forgetting the inspiration that produced the "Wearin' of the Green" and the "Shan Van Vocht," which express the pride of the defeated and have more defiance in them than despair. They were born of the reaction, like the poetry of wild and reckless gaiety which for so long was regarded in England as typical of the Celtic temperament. But the truth is, that the Irish Celt is deeply serious and deeply melancholy. When he can no longer with justice express only the woes and the resentment of Ireland, he turns naturally to mysticism, like Mr. Yeats or Lionel Johnson, and fixes his eyes on interests remote from the material world. Now, Moore had no spark of Celtic magic or mystery, and his patriotism is always a little sentimental and unimpassioned:

> "Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
> Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
> While murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
> Tells to the night-star her tale of woes."

That is how an Anglicized Irishman writes of scenes which he has found decidedly less comfortable and less amusing than London. For true Irish pathos one must turn to another poet:

> "Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
> Since I was near ye what have I seen?
> Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
> Night and day where the waves are green.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
> Clearer for half o' the world between.
> Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin',
> Whiles ye are nearer than snowtops keen;
> Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin',
> What is the half o' the world between?"

On the desolateness of Ireland, on her waste of waters, on the green bogs and "the same soft rain," Moore frankly turned his back. He loved the noise and lights and wealth of London, and there is hardly more poignancy of feeling in his Irish melodies than in the Persian ditties of "Lalla Rookh."

Not long after his death, Moore's 'Life' was written by his friend Lord John Russell, and to that biography in eight volumes there is little to add. Wherever one catches a glimpse of Moore, whether in Lord Byron's letters or in his own diary and correspondence, he shows no trace of what is often euphemistically called the artistic temperament. There is no complexity about his character, nothing to soften or explain away. Those who think, as a few thought in his own day, that a good deal of his poetry is too sensuous ("licentious" was the old-fashioned epithet used by his contemporaries), may take comfort from the fact that of all literary lives his was the most correct. He was a devoted son and brother, and was never ashamed of the small grocer's shop in Dublin which was his Irish home. When he could not induce his mother to receive Lord Lansdowne, who was with him in Dublin, he walked his distinguished friend past her window so that she might see and be seen. He married, young, a pretty actress, who was not, like himself, at home in every society; but he was a model husband and father. There is no opening for gossip in all his long intercourse with the rich and idle women who adored him and his poetry, and in his business relations he was honorable to the point of Quixotism. The biographer of this blameless, though worldly, poet is therefore reduced to writing a panegyric, but Mr. Gwynn has made his brief sketch interesting enough.

Moore's lyrics were written to be sung, and in such songs ideas are out of place. A succession of charming sentiments that will catch the attention easily, a smooth flow of simple words, he could turn off with a lightness and spirit that lifted even the British drawing-room song above itself. It would not be fair to compare such compositions with the poetry of Wordsworth and Shelley. They wrote for a later generation of readers. Moore wrote for the evening parties of his friends. It is hard for the reader of to-day, whose ear has been trained by the lyric metres of a virtuoso like Swinburne or Tennyson, to realize how original and varied were, for his generation, the metres of Moore. It was partly because he wrote for music that he had to range wider than the few hackneyed types of couplet and quatrain then in general use. Mr. Gwynn quotes

> "The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,"

as a metrical effect wholly new in English. "The peculiarity of these metres—the dragging, wavering cadence that half balks the ear—is the distinctive characteristic of Irish verse. No English poet, so far as I know, has caught it" (p. 179). Surely, Swinburne caught it in

> "Who is this that sits by the way, the wild wayside?"

Moore did not know any Irish, and shared

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the wish of O'Connell that it might die out, but he reproduced in English the rhythms of Irish folk-song, basing his work "on Irish tunes, composed in the primitive manner before music was divorced from poetry." Mr. Gwynn's last chapter of "General Appreciation" is well worth reading by students of English poetry, however little they may care for Tom Moore. An appendix contains a full bibliography of Moore's compositions.

Illustrations of Irish History and Topography. Mainly of the Seventeenth Century. By C. Litton Falkiner. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Falkiner is well known as an industrious student of the history of Ireland from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century. The present volume consists of two separate parts, the first being a collection of original papers by the author previously published; the second containing contemporary accounts or descriptions of Ireland by travellers in the seventeenth century; some of which have not been hitherto printed, and others which do not exist in prints accessible to the general reader.

Mr. Falkiner, in his preface, disclaims any intention of discussing vexed questions connected with Irish economic, religious, and political problems, all of which, he says, date from the seventeenth century, when the battle between English and Irish ideas was decided, the tenure of land was established on a feudal basis, with the supremacy of English Protestantism, and a dependent Parliament modelled on that of England. His disclaimer was necessary, for he is not only an historian but a conservative pamphleteer, and contributor to the Tory press of articles on political and social questions. Continual references, however, to the uninterruptedly disturbed condition of Ireland cannot but make the reader ask why disturbance and discontent have been for eight hundred years the permanent condition of the unfortunate island. Evidently not because of a double dose of original sin in the "wild Irish," for the "English-Irish" were just as discontented and troublesome.

Part i. contains papers of no great interest except to persons in the locality of Dublin. The history of "his Majesty's Castle of Dublin," constructed in 1171 as a "Palace roofed with wattles, after the manner of the country," then fortified, rebuilt in stone, the royal seat of Government, containing the Record House, the courts of justice, the Parliament House, Treasury, Mint, and State prison, and now a gloomy structure of limestone and granite, the present seat of Irish misgovernment, is followed by a similar account of the gradual formation and enclosure of Phœnix Park. These and the stories of the origins of the Port and Docks Board, the Chambers of Commerce and other civic institutions, can hardly fix the attention of the general reader.

Part ii. will be more interesting to him. It contains extracts from Fynes Moryson's Itinerary, most of which was first published nearly three hundred years ago. A portion of the chapter on the Manners and Customs of Ireland, Mr. Falkiner says, has not been printed before. Moryson saw much of Ireland, but adds much that he only heard by report. At the date of his journey the country had become less populous, "after much blood spilt in the civil wars." The country he describes as

"uneven, mountainous, soft, watery, woody, open to winds and floods of rain, so fenny that it hath bogs on the very tops of the mountains; the coast covered with mists, the air unapt to ripen seeds, yet luxurious in yielding fair and sweet herbs, little troubled with thunderings, lightnings, or earthquakes; oft troubled with rebellions."

The great woods were full of deer, wolves, and "such plenty of pheasants that I have known 60 served at one feast." The cattle were small, "only the men and greyhounds of great stature." Fish were so plentiful in the lakes that "fishermen fear the breaking of their nets rather than want of fish." The great woods were destroyed, partly to clear the refuges of the "wild Irish," partly for use in smelting iron brought from England, partly for export of timber, mainly "pipestaves," to England. Arthur Young found the work of destruction completed. "The greatest part of the country," he says, "continues to exhibit a naked, bleak, dreary view for want of wood destroyed with the most thoughtless prodigality"; and Swift, one hundred years before Young, said: "There is not another example in Europe of such a prodigious quantity of excellent timber cut down in so short a time with so little advantage to the country either in shipping or building." The reason of this prodigality seems clear enough now. Many of the land owners were absentees, the tenure of others was uncertain in that age of confiscations. Every one made what he could out of his estate while he had it or could keep it.

Moryson's Itinerary is followed by a humorous account by Sir Josias Bodley of a Christmas week spent at Downpatrick with Sir Richard Morrison, governor of the district. This is translated from the quaint Latin in which Bodley wrote, the opening paragraphs of which are given in a note. Luke Gunn's 'Discourse of Ireland' has not hitherto been printed. Its probable date is 1620, when the author held the office of Second Justice of the Province of Munster, and resided at Limerick. The desolate condition of his district made it look, he says, "like the later end of a feast. Here lyeth an old ruyned castle like the remaynder of a venyson pasty, there a broken fort like a minced py half subiccted, and in another place an old abbey wth some turrets standing like the carcase of a goose broken up."

Of the people he says:

"The man of Ireland is of strong constitution, tall and bigg limbed, but seldome fatt, patiente of heate and colde, but impatient of labour. The women of Ireland are very comely creatures, tall slender and upright. Of complexion very fayre and cleare skinnd (but frecled), with tresses of bright yellow hayre. . . . They are not strait laced or plated in their youth, but suffred to grow at liberty so that you shall hardely see one crooked or deformed."

The dress of the women, the fare, and customs of entertainment at country houses, are minutely and graphically depicted.

"At Kilkenny," we are told, "they weare broad beaver hatts coloured, edged wth a gold lace, and faced wth velvett, wth a broad gould hatt band. At Waterford they weare cappes turned up wth furre and laced wth gold lace. At Lymericke they weare rolles of lynnen, each roll contayning twenty bandles of fyne lynnen cloth and made up in forme of a myter. In Connaught they weare rolles in forme of a cheese. In Thomond they weare kerchiefs hanging downe to the middle of theyr backe."

The travels of Sir William Brereton in Ireland in 1635 (reproduced from the Chetham Society's papers) were not printed until 1844. From Portpatrick in Scotland he arrived at Island Magee in Antrim, and thence travelled south to Waterford, but he does not appear to have visited either the middle or west of the island. Being a person of importance, he had the opportunity of meeting many notable men, among others Archbishop Usher, "a tall proper comely man who spends the whole day at his study except meal time." The country travelled through was then comparatively quiet, and, except a few "rebels" lurking in the woods, no mention is made of any disturbed condition of the country. The concluding paper is a description of Ireland after the Restoration by Jorevin de Rochefort, a Frenchman, who travelled for pleasure and instruction. He found Ireland "the richest of all Europe in things necessary for human life, but the poorest in money; in fine, a land of plenty." One is inclined to doubt the accuracy of his judgment when he describes Dublin as "one of the greatest and best-peopled towns in Europe," and estimates the Catholics as being only one-third of the Irish. The fifteen pages given by Mr. Falkiner are taken from De Rochefort's travels, which extended over most of Europe. They were printed at Paris, in three volumes, in 1672, and are now very rare. Mr. Falkiner has been successful in his choice of descriptions, determined by their rarity, representative character, and difficulty of procurement by the ordinary reader.

Democracy and Reaction. By L. T. Hobhouse. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams. 1904.

This book deals with a number of related topics bearing on the questions underlying democratic government, liberalism, the reaction against liberalism which has been gathering headway for a generation, and Socialism. The author is one of those Liberals who hope to see a new development of free government through Socialism, or radicalism; the field covered by his nine chapters is so wide that we can only select one or two points for criticism.

All the first part of the book, giving an account of the Reaction and its causes, is excellent. We do not remember to have seen anywhere, in so small a compass, a better analysis of the extraordinary changes in sentiment and opinion produced in the last thirty years. It contains, too, several original observations, as, for instance, the suggestion, confessedly paradoxical on its face, but nevertheless true, that the Imperial idea in England (the book deals almost wholly with English affairs) has roots, politically speaking, in the older Liberalism. The British empire as developed in the Victorian period meant, for the most part, the expansion of freedom of trade, of justice, of honest administration, of rigid impartiality as between religions and races, and semi-independent, self-governing colonies. Consequently, when the first appeal was made to Imperialism, Liberals felt it as an appeal to the highest aims in government, and were easily persuaded by Mr. Chamberlain (himself originally a Liberal and Radical) that an Imperial policy was the true source and spring of all these great political boons. It has really cost a consider-

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able struggle and long debate to reawaken Liberals to the fact that Imperialism in itself is the eternal and deadly foe of all freedom, of all honest and responsible government, and of that very progress which had been forced upon it by the great reforms of the nineteenth century.

The author's chapters on "The Intellectual Reaction" and "Evolution and Sociology" deserve close attention. He brings out very clearly the fact that the political reaction (what he says here is equally true of this country and of all countries) is the expression of a far-reaching change in the temper of the time. Summed up in a word, he calls it a reaction against humanitarianism; but it has been curiously reinforced by an extraordinary misconception as to the bearing of the discoveries of modern science on political problems. Darwin's law of the "survival of the fittest" has borne fruit of which he never dreamed. It is used every day now, apparently with great success, as an argument in favor of the use of violence. In the animal kingdom, superior breeds are produced by natural selection working through a fierce struggle for existence. Consequently, any race or nation which can overcome any other, take away its freedom, and appropriate its property, is the fittest to enjoy the fruits of the struggle, and selected by the laws of nature to do so. It is not to Darwin or Huxley that we owe this wonderful misapplication of scientific method; it is to the Imperialist and Jingo, who thought they found in the phrase "survival of the fittest" and "struggle for existence" a justification for wars of expansion. The author points out very neatly that you cannot argue from biology to politics. What is "fittest" to survive in biology is merely that which does as a matter of fact survive; what is fittest to survive in the world of conscious political and social effort is that which we decide it is desirable should survive. Biologically, the germ of consumption is admirably fitted to struggle for existence in and survive the consumptive patient. But we try to preserve the patient.

As to the great body of Liberal doctrine, the author is on firm ground. Liberal principles must involve opposition to a policy of protection, of war, of great armaments, of restriction of the press and public meetings; there has been no change in these respects since Cobden's, or indeed since Jefferson's, time. But the rock ahead for Liberals is Socialism. There is a widespread belief in Socialism in the newly enfranchised electorate, and the question of the day is whether Liberals can, by adopting Socialism in whole or in part, overcome the force of the Reaction, and again make Liberalism a dominating force in the government of the world. Here the author does not strike us as clear. He seems to be of opinion that some such development is possible, but his discussion is to a considerable extent beside the point. Socialism, or Collectivism, or Populism, is bound up with the idea that the machinery of government may be used for the purpose of effecting an equitable distribution of wealth. "Aggregations of wealth *not acquired by labor service* are," he says, "regarded by the Collectivist as a kind of surplus from which the funds necessary to meet public responsibilities should in the first instance be drawn." Now the belief of conservative Liberals, in fact of every Liberal who adheres to the fundamental principles of political economy and individual freedom, is that this idea represents a monstrous delusion, and is, moreover, closely connected with the rankest paternalism. Without a system of espionage and confiscation for the like of which we should have to go back to the Rome of Nero, no inquiry into what wealth is acquired by "labor service," and no redistribution fit to "meet public responsibilities," is possible; and, if so, Liberals and Socialists will never long be found in the same boat. If this conservative economic view is correct, the Socialist is the real friend of the Imperialists, and has been such from the beginning of time.

Mr. Hobhouse gives a long array of radical measures which have been carried with the approval of Liberals—the Irish Land laws, the restriction of hours of labor, the municipalization of industries, factory inspection, etc.—and seems to infer from all this that, by adopting the rest of the Socialist programme, the Liberals may return to and develop new power. But if the old view is correct, the rest of the Socialist programme will mean the death of the Liberal principles which brought it about, and in the end an iron paternalism; at any rate, radicalism, or the use of the State machinery to cure specific evils by inspection, or revision and restriction of contracts, is no true Socialism, and to argue from Irish land reform to Collectivism is unpermissible. Here Mr. Hobhouse, we think, begs the question.

The Phase Rule and its Application. By Alex. Findlay. With an Introduction on the Study of Physical Chemistry, by Sir William Ramsay. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

There are numbers of highly successful men who have never been able to master elementary geometry or algebra. In the case of many of them, the defect is undoubtedly merely due to bad teaching. For others, there may be some peculiarity of metrical ideas which prevents these men from mastering them. But, with a third class, the truth probably is that there is a weakness of the understanding which causes all conceptions of the slightest intricacy to become confused. Now every man ought to endeavor to understand his own capacities; and the subject of the Phase Rule may serve as a touchstone to show him whether he belongs to the third class or not.

But what is this phase rule that has for so long set all the chemists agog? Take a number of materials, each either a pure chemical substance or a homogeneous mixture, but none of them such that any chemical reaction that could take place could produce it from the others, and (calling these the *components* of your system) put them into a tight cylinder in which a piston works, so that the aggregate can be subjected to varying pressure and temperature. Further, let there be some means of varying the proportions of the components present in the cylinder. Then, since the total quantity is a matter of indifference, there will be, as independently variable conditions, one for each of the components *minus* one, *plus* the pressure and the temperature; that is, on the whole, one more than the number of components. Now give your system time to come to a settled state of equilibrium while there is no change of the above conditions. This equilibrium must be *stable;* that is, if you vary those conditions a little and restore them, the state of the system must be restored. Now count the number of *phases,* that is, the number of substances or homogeneous mixtures separated from one another by surfaces like the surface between water and air. Then it will be found that the degrees of freedom—that is, the number of conditions (pressure, temperature, and the proportions of components) that can be independently varied *without altering the number of phases or destroying the equilibrium*—are equal to two more than the number of components less the number of phases. For example, can water, ice, and aqueous vapor exist together? Here there is only one component, and we suppose three phases separated by surfaces. By the rule, the degrees of freedom amount to zero. That is, if the temperature and pressure are both fixed right, such a state of things is possible. But when it exists, neither pressure nor temperature can possibly be varied, the equilibrium being preserved, for the least change will cause either the vapor, the water, or the ice to pass away entirely. Suppose, however, that air be added, so that now there are two components, and, for phases, first, air mixed with a little vapor; second, water containing a little air in solution; third, pure ice. There will now, according to the rule, be one degree of freedom, and the pressure may be changed so long as the temperature is correspondingly changed. Suppose we let the ice melt. There will then be two components and two phases, and consequently by the rule two degrees of freedom. That is, both pressure and temperature may be varied, but only on condition that the proportions of water to air in the vapor and in the solution are correspondingly changed at the same time.

Such is the phase rule. Its mathematical form is identical with that of Euler's topical theorem that the combined number of faces and summits of any polyhedron is two more than the number of its edges; and, like topical geometry, the phase rule has nothing to do with *measurement,* but only with *counting* three sets of things—components, phases, and degrees of freedom. Nor do the experiments for verifying it require any measures to be made, but only that more and less should be discriminated. Beyond that, there is no mathematics in the subject; but the chemical applications of the rule have a certain moderate degree of intricacy, not much less than that of elementary geometry and algebra. They will be beyond the powers of those who are unable to master those mathematical subjects owing to general weakness of the understanding, but will presumably (not certainly) be found to be just complicated enough to afford entertainment for other men.

The phase rule was discovered not by a chemist, but by Willard Gibbs, a mathematician, the ablest, in his particular line, of his day; the most unaffectedly modest man (for his strength) that search could find; the sort of man who is sure to be depreciated until, by the action of a sort of phase rule, the ice breaks up and men suddenly discover that it is best to laud him. For ten years and more the phase rule slumbered peacefully

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in the Proceedings of the Connecticut Academy of Sciences until the chemists had grown up to it, till Roosebaum and others brushed the dust off the volumes and carried them into their laboratories. But Maxwell fully appreciated Gibbs long before the phase rule was discovered.

Dr. Findlay's illustrations from chemistry are as replete with interest as they are abundant, and each one detailed. Upon all that side the work is simply splendid. Its weakness is that the abstract definitions, and the possibilities which the phase rule leaves open, but which have not yet been met with in nature, are not forced upon the reader's attention in all their definiteness sufficiently to enable him to comprehend exactly what the phase rule does for him in each case. In short, the work presents a picture admirably rich in its coloring, but whose outlines are too soft for a scientific purpose—on rare occasions, quite indefinite or even wavering. The practicable remedy for this in a new edition would be an appendix to which the reader could always turn to find there the abstract parts of the subject defined with abstract precision. The reviewer must confess that, though the subject is not new to him, he has here and there in the perusal of the work found his ideas losing their definiteness; and this state of things was not remedied until he had drawn up for himself the sort of appendix that was needed. However, taking the book as it is, anybody who adds to a turn for the mode of thought a fondness for chemistry, will find the volume replete with matters of singular interest.

Sir William Ramsay's introduction contains a very good sketch of the history of physical chemistry without any such high merit as one would have expected. The language is that of a man who, when he thinks, imagines apparatus and experiments, and who has little training in the use of words. Thus, on page lxi, he finds fault with Julius Thomsen because, in 1854, he believed it possible to measure the force of chemical affinity by measuring the heat evolved in reactions; and his objection is simply that heat is not force, but energy, a quantity of different dimensionality. Now this is hypercritical in the extreme; for though the word *energy* had been proposed by Young, it was not at all in use, even in England, before Rankine's paper of 1853, and in Denmark was quite unheard of; the word "force" being much more loosely used than it now is.

The Lure of the Labrador Wild: The Story of the Exploring Expedition conducted by Leonidas Hubbard, jr. By Dillon Wallace. F. H. Revell Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. 339, ills, and maps.

Leonidas Hubbard, a Michigan farmer's son, become a newspaper reporter and later an editor of a magazine devoted to out-of-door life, at the age of twenty-nine had the ambition to explore unknown regions. Though obviously no expert woodcraftsman, he had made journeys in the Hudson Bay region and in southern Labrador. The project he finally decided on was to start from the Northwest River post of the Hudson Bay Company, ascend this stream to Lake Michikamau, the largest lake in eastern Labrador, where the Nascaupee Indians were said to meet in September the herds of caribou migrating from the interior to the coast, killing great numbers. Hubbard wished not only to report the features of the annual battue, but also to spend some time studying the very primitive natives, who are little known. From the northern end of the lake he then proposed to work across the country to the George River, which falls into Ungava Bay. The route he proposed to take was practically unexplored by white men, and the country was well known to afford comparatively little fish or game for sustenance, and to be terribly infested by black-flies and mosquitoes.

For the journey the services of George Elson, a half-breed Cree Indian from James Bay, were engaged, and the leader associated with himself his friend the author of this volume. Elson proved to be an excellent woodsman, faithful, able, and indefatigable, and to him the survivor of the party undoubtedly owes his life; but, like others of his kind, he was diffident in insisting on his own better judgment in cases where the leader of the party, though less competent, seemed to favor other counsels. The party in the main was well supplied with stores and an excellent canvas canoe, though some necessaries, like extra footgear, a gill net, and shotgun, were omitted, with disastrous results as the event proved. After various trying delays, the party arrived at the Northwest River post, and naturally found it difficult to get reliable geographical information about an unexplored district. On July 15, 1903, the party started from the post for the mouth of Nascaupee River, one of several streams emptying into the upper end of Hamilton Inlet, but neglected the precaution of taking a guide, passed the entrance without seeing it, and started up a smaller river, the Susan, which flows in the same general direction. This river soon gave out, and the party continued to make portages, struggling through the swamps, tormented by pestiferous insects, their single pairs of moccasins and much of their clothing reduced to rags, and their food rapidly dwindling. They had unusual luck in fishing, and made good use of their rifles and pistols, so that it was possible to continue in the direction of their goal until, from the top of a high peak, the waters of Michikamau were actually discerned by Hubbard, across miles of woodland—alas, too late!

Nearly out of food, it seemed impossible to go on, and the fact that the leader's health gave out, in spite of his marvellous courage and energy, settled the matter. They were obliged to return over the dreary road by which they had come, and even then might all have pulled through alive had it not been for a fatal error of judgment on Hubbard's part in electing, against the deferential advice of his companions, to leave a navigable stream, the Beaver, which they had reached, for the vastly more difficult route by which they originally came. After that the record is one of slow starvation and misery. With the advent of cold weather the fish ceased to bite, and the party had no net; their feet were bare, and they had no footgear. Struggle as they might, in spite of really heroic endurance, Hubbard at last gave out, on October 18, and was made as comfortable as possible in a tent, while his companions pushed on in search of food and help. A little further, Wallace, too, succumbed to the inevitable, and all hope depended upon Elson, who pushed on courageously and finally reached help. Kindly settlers found Wallace in time to save his life, but Hubbard's note-book showed that he had perished probably within twenty-four hours of the departure of his companions. Wallace's convalescence from starvation and frost-bite was slow, pathetically aided by, if not wholly due to, the ministrations of a young medical man, himself dying of consumption. Finally, the remains of the leader were rescued, and the journey toward home carried out against great difficulties, by the devotion of Wallace and the kindly aid of the Labrador people.

It would be wrong to obscure the fact that the sufferings so well borne and the death so bravely met were largely due to insufficient knowledge both of how to conduct such an expedition and of his physical fitness for it on the part of the leader. But which of our failures and sufferings in this vale of tears may not be ascribed to analogous ignorance or weakness? It is certain that all three of the party met their calamities like men—as we love to say, however boastfully, like good Americans; and the lesson of their travail is twofold: first, know what is to be done and how to do it, if you would explore the wild; second, if misfortune comes upon you, face it without fear and with a manly heart, leaving the outcome with confidence to a higher power. In the second of these matters Hubbard and his comrades did not fail, and that is surely no meagre praise.

The Shu King, or, The Chinese Historical Classic: Being an Authentic Record of the Religion, Philosophy, Customs, and Government of the Chinese from the Earliest Times. Translated from the Ancient Text, with a Commentary, by Walter Gorn Old, M.R.A.S. 12mo. John Lane. 1904.

If a man sets to work to publish a book like this one, the preparation of which must cost him a good deal of time and labor, the first thing he has to do is to find out what work has been done before him in the same line. To all who intend to take in hand Chinese research of any kind or the compilation of books and papers on China, let it be said that there is no better method of being posted on this point than to glance at that excellent guide, Prof. Henri Cordier's 'Bibliotheca Sinica, Dictionnaire Bibliographique des Ouvrages relatifs à l'Empire Chinois,' the first edition of which, with its supplement (Paris: Leroux, 1881-1895), acquaints intending writers with every important book or paper published on Chinese and Central Asiatic subjects under the several classified heads. A new edition of this most useful work is just forthcoming (Paris: E. Guilmoto). The titles of papers and books which have appeared since the close of Cordier's bibliography, can be ascertained from Prof. Lucian Scherman's 'Orientalische Bibliographie,' published periodically (Berlin: Reuther & Reichard) in three or four instalments per annum. By referring to these indispensable helps, an author cannot easily fall into the trap in which the author of the above work was caught by neglecting to make inquiries about the existing literature before setting to work.

A book like the 'Shu King,' the oldest

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historical classic of the Chinese, has, of course, received the attention of Chinese scholars ever since Chinese literature was studied in Europe. Mr. Old, in his introduction, duly quotes the labors of Gaubil, De Guignes, and W. H. Medhurst, and acknowledges his indebtedness to Medhurst's translation, which was published in 1846. Since then the venerable professor of Chinese at Oxford, Dr. James Legge, who died in 1897, has invested a lifetime in elucidating that vast field of Chinese classical literature. The eight stout volumes called 'The Chinese Classics,' which he published while a missionary in Hong Kong, might be called the alpha and omega of everything an author would say on the 'Shu King.' Legge not only furnishes a translation of standard value, but exhausts his subject by quoting and translating all the essential notes made by Chinese commentators; and his Prolegomena are the best introduction to the philological study of this remarkable work the reader could possibly lay his hands upon. A revised edition of Legge's translation appeared among Max Müller's "Sacred Books of the East," the volume containing the 'Shu King' being issued at the Clarendon Press in 1879 under the title, 'The Sacred Books of China, Part I.' It is matter of regret that the author of this new translation was not aware of the existence of Legge's exhaustive labors, which, he says in his preface, he has "unfortunately not had an opportunity of consulting before the present work was completed and in the hands of his publishers." "By this circumstance," he candidly confesses, "I fear the reader may be in advance of me," and he adds: "At all events, the reader will considerably improve his opportunities and simultaneously pay me a great compliment, if he will take the Doctor's translation in hand and make a cross-reading from the present version."

We readily fall in with this suggestion. Mr. Old's 'Shu King' is a handy little volume, and the translation as well as the notes reads well. Many a student who finds it too cumbersome to invest in the larger work, may wish to have this on the shelves of his library and gather a general idea of the contents of the book, reserving special inquiries for the comparative study of Legge's works, which ought to be found in every great public library.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Newspaper Annual. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son.
Bahnsen, Julius. Wie Ich Wurde, Was Ich Ward. Munich: Georg Müller.
Bates, Oric. A Madcap Cruise. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Vol. V. S-Z. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Burton, Charles Pierce. The Boys of Bob's Hill. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Cantonese Love Songs. Chinese Text. Henry Frowde. $3.50 net.
Cantonese Love-Songs in English. Translated by Cecil Clementi. Henry Frowde. $3.50 net.
Chancellor, W. E., and F. W. Hewes. The United States. Part 2. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Clairmont, Ralph de. Reform. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Colton, Arthur. The Belated Seas. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Croffut, W. A. Folks Next Door. Washington: Eastside Publishing Co.
Daniels, Mabel W. An American Girl in Munich. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Deledda, Grazia. After the Divorce. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Dickson, Harris. The Ravanels. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Dickens's Christmas Carol. Edited by James M. Swan. Macmillan Co.
Dodge's Advanced Geography. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Duignan, W. H. Worcestershire Place Names. Henry Frowde. 6s. net.
Dunkerley, S. Mechanism. Longmans. $3.
Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G Thwaites. Vol. XIII. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Fales, William E. S. The Life of Thomas Lawson. Dixie Book Shop.
Flower, Elliott. Slaves of Success. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Grandgent, C. H. Phonology and Morphology of Old Provençal. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gulick, Sidney Lewis. The White Peril in the Far East. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.
Hakluytus Posthumus, or Purchas His Pilgrimes. Vols. I. and II. Macmillan Co.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, and William MacDonald. History of the United States. Harpers. $2.
History of All Nations. In twenty-four volumes. By Charles M. Andrews and others. Vols. I. to V. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co.
Hunter, Alexander. Johnny Reb and Billy Yank. Neale Publishing Co.
Jane, L. Cecil. The Coming of Parliament. Putnams. $1.35 net.
Jones, Rufus M. Social Law in the Spiritual World. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Kennedy, Sidney R. The Lodestar. Macmillan.
Kobbé, Gustav. Opera Singers. New ed. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.
Lahontan, Baron de. New Voyages to North America. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net for 2 volumes.
Lee, E. Markham. Tchaikovsky. (The Music of the Masters.) Brentano's.
Lyall, Sir Alfred. The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. 2 vols. Scribners. $7.50 net for 2 vols.
MacGowan, Alice, and Grace MacGowan Cooke. Return. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Macphail, Andrew. Essays in Puritanism. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Magnay, Sir William. A Prince of Lovers. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., $1.50.
Neidig, William J. The First Wardens. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Newell, William Wells. Words for Music. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Newman, Ernest. Wagner. (The Music of the Masters.) Brentano's.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. Shining Ferry. Scribners. $1.50.
Remensnyder, Junius B. The Atonement and Modern Thought. Philadelphia: Lutheran Pub. Society. $1.
Seaman, Owen. A Harvest of Chaff. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.
Sheldon, Charles M. The Heart of the World. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Todd, Mary Ives. An American Abélard and Héloïse. Grafton Press. $1.50.
Trevelyan, R. C. The Birth of Parsival. Longmans. $1.20 net.
Trusts, Pools and Corporations. Edited by William Z. Ripley. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.80.
Tynan, Katharine. Julia. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Vachell, Horace A. Brothers. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
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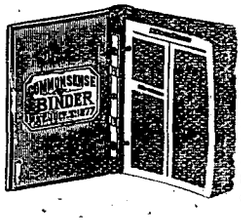

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